This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

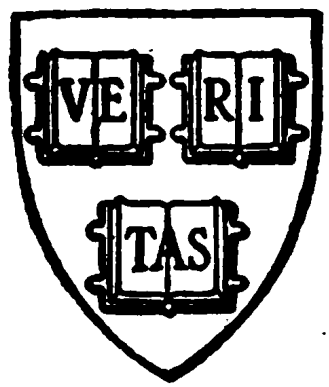
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

15437.35 A(1)

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



FROM THE BEQUEST OF
CHARLES SUMNER
CLASS OF 1830
Senator from Massachusetts
FOR BOOKS RELATING TO
POLITICS AND FINE ARTS

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

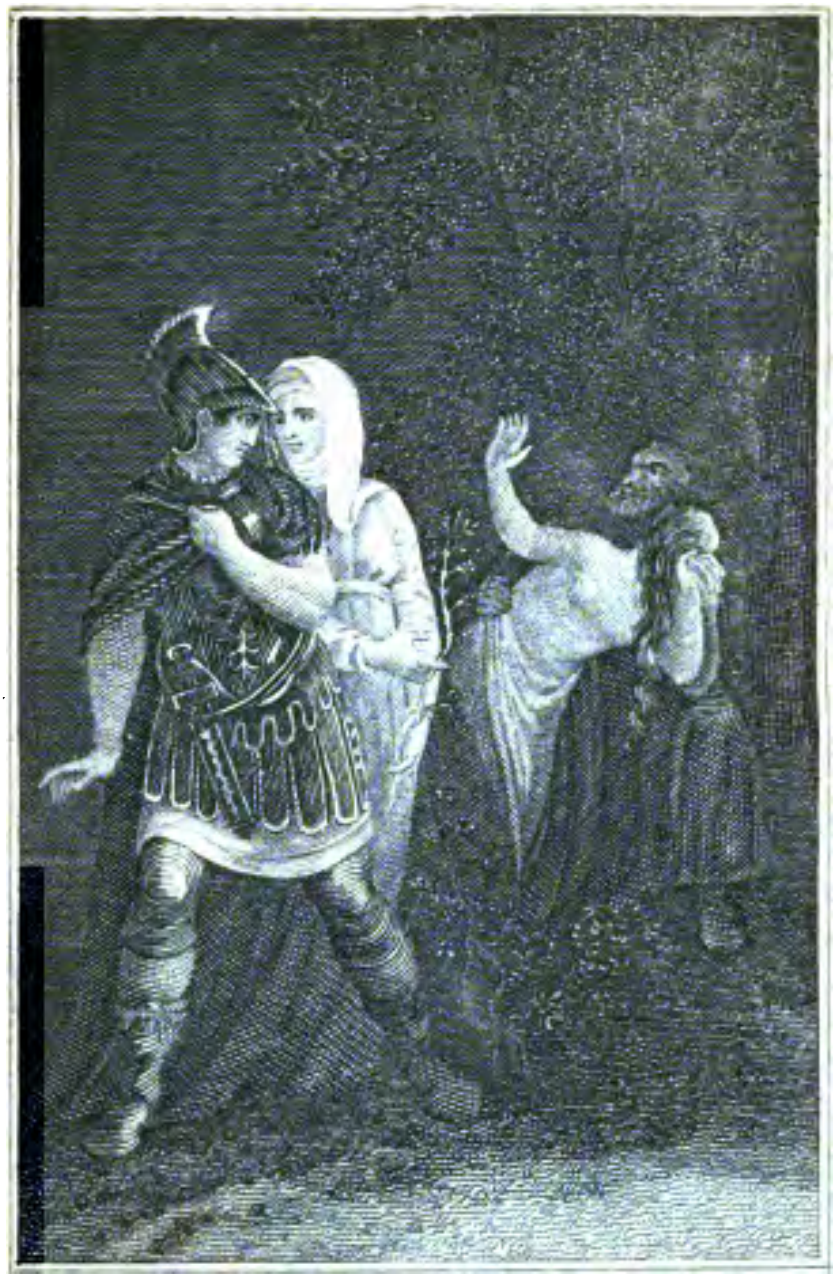
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Thomson del. Wm D. Smith sc.

She whirl'd away to shun his baleful sight,
Hid in the Forest, and the shades of night.

Digitized by Google

Virgil

Translated by

DRYDEN.

In two Volumes

VOL. I.

Then swiftly to the Gabal place she pass'd,
And mounts the funeral pile with furious haste,

NEW YORK
Pub.d by Wm. Borradaile, 1825.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

26

THE

WORKS OF VIRGIL.

Virgilius Maro, Publius,

TRANSLATED

John

BY DRYDEN.

VOL. I.

New-York:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM BORRADAILE,

No. 114 Fulton-street.

1825.

Digitized by Google

15437.35
~~LA 18.612~~

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

1874, April 28.
Sumner Bequest
(Vol. I., II.)

Digitized by Google

PASTORALS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

LIFE OF VIRGIL.

Et meæ, si quid loquar audiendum
Vocis accedet bona pars. *Horace.*

To write the life of a man who flourished two thousand years before us, and in a distant country, when ages of barbarity and ignorance have intervened, can be no very easy or pleasing task to the biographer. Facts containing novelty and importance, cannot be supposed, at this remote period, to be procured, or those that are already in our possession authenticated. To collect, therefore, the most probable incidents from former works, and to satisfy the curiosity of the uninformed, has been the principal aim of the writer of this sketch; while, by an unremitting attention to classical information, he has endeavoured to render it amusing to the scholar, and instructive to the illiterate.

MANTUA, the capital of new Etruria, its [illegible] three centuries before Rome, had the honour [illegible] ing birth to Publius Virgilius Maro. This great event happened on or near the 15th of October, seventy years B. C. or during the first consulship of Pompey the Great and Licinius Crassus. Who his father was, and even to what country he belonged, has been disputed by the greatest writers of which literature has to boast. Some assert that he was a potter of Andes; but the most probable account is, that he was either a wandering astrologer, who practised physic, or a servant to one of this learned fraternity. It is observed by Juvenal, that *medicus, ma-*

Digitized by Google

gus, usually went together, and that his course of life was principally followed by the Greeks and Syrians; to one of these nations therefore, it is presumed, Virgil owes his birth. His mother Maia, was indubitably of good extraction, being nearly related to Quinctilius Varus, of whom honourable mention is made in the history of the second Carthaginian war. In the life of Virgil, generally ascribed to Donatus, it is related, that this woman had certain dreams and presages, which the physician, recurring to his powers as an astrologer, endeavoured to elucidate; but the fact, in all probability, was, that being herself a woman of superior understanding, and moreover, captivated by the sweet disposition, and early indication of transcendent genius in her son, she took this method of working on the credulity of her husband, and inclining him, as if directed by the Fates, to give Virgil that education, to which her rank and his talents so justly entitled him. Accordingly, he passed the "*initia ætatis*" at Mantua, thence he removed to Cremona, and afterwards to Milan. In all these places he prosecuted his studies with the most diligent application, associating with the eminent professors of every department of science and devoting whole nights to the study of the best Latin and Greek authors: in the latter he was greatly assisted by his proximity to Marseilles, the only Greek colony that maintained its refinement and purity of language, amidst the overwhelming influence of all the barbarous nations that surrounded it. At first, he devoted himself to the Epicurean philosophy, but receiving no satisfactory reasons for its tenets from his master, the celebrated Syro, he passed over to the academic school, when physic and mathematics became his favourite sciences, and these he continued to cultivate, at leisure moments, during his whole life.

At Milan he composed a great number of verses, on various subjects, and in the warmth of early youth, framed a noble design of writing a Heroic Poem, *On the Wars of Rome;* but after some attempts, was dis-

Digitized by Google

couraged from proceeding, by the abruptness and asperity of the old Roman names. And here, it is said, he formed the plan, and collected the materials, of all those pieces which were to assist in the civilization of his countrymen, and contest the palm of excellence with the compositions of the greatest poet the world had produced. Some of these he had even begun, but a too intense application to his studies, together with abstinence and night-watching, had so impaired his health, that an immediate removal to a more southern part of Italy was deemed absolutely necessary for the preservation of his existence. Virgil fixed upon Naples, and visiting Rome in his way, had the honour, through the interest of his kinsman and fellow-student, Varus, of being introduced to Octavius, who received him with the greatest marks of esteem, and earnestly recommended his affairs to the protection of Pollio, then lieutenant of Cisalpine Gaul, where Virgil's patrimony lay, and who generously undertook to settle his domestic concerns. Having this assurance, he pursued his journey to Naples. The charming situation, the salubrity of the air, and the constant society of the greatest and most learned men of the time, who resorted to this place, not only re-established his health, but contributed to the formation of that style and happy turn of verse in which he surpasses all his cotemporaries, and in less advantageous language, equals even Homer himself.

It is singular that Virgil, deservedly called the prince of Latin poets, proposed only to employ this particular talent in the amassing of such wealth as might enable him to prosecute, with less interruption, those nobler studies to which his elevated genius inclined him, and which he describes in these admirable lines.

> Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
> Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
> Accipiant; cœlique viæ, et sidera, monstrent,
> Defectus solis varios, Lunæque labores;
> Unde tremor terris, &c.

Digitized by Google

But to rank among the poets of their country, was, at this time, the ambition of their greatest heroes, statesmen, and orators of the age. Cicero, Octavius, Pollio, Julius Cæsar, and even the stoical Brutus, had been carried away by the impetuosity of the stream; but that genius which had never deserted them in the Forum, or on the day of battle, shrunk dismayed, at a comparison with the lofty muse of Virgil: and although they endeavoured, by placing their poems in the celebrated libraries, to hand them down unimpaired to posterity, scarcely a single verse of these illustrious authors survived the age in which they lived. This preponderance of fashion, however, was extremely favourable to Virgil; as he had for some time devoted himself to the study of the law, and even pleaded one cause, with indifferent success, he now altogether abandoned the profession, and resumed with increased ardour the cultivation of that talent for which he afterwards became so eminently distinguished.

Captivated at an early age by the pastorals of Theocritus, he was ambitious of being the primitive introducer of that enchanting species of poetry among the Romans. His first performance in this way, entitled *Alexis*, is supposed to have appeared U. C. 709, when the poet was in his twenty-fifth year. *Palæmon*, which is a close imitation of the fourth and fifth Idylls of Theocritus, was probably his second; but as this period of the life of Virgil is enveloped in a considerable degree of obscurity, and few writers on the subject having condescended to notice such *trifling particulars* as chronological arrangement, &c. little more than surmise can be offered to satisfy the researches of the curious. The fifth Eclogue of Virgil is composed in allusion to the death and deification of Cæsar, and is supposed by Mr. Wharton, whose profound erudition undoubtedly rendered him competent to decide, to have been written subsequently to Silenus, his sixth Eclogue. This is said to have been publicly recited on the stage, by the comedian Cytheris, and to

Digitized by Google

have procured its author that celebrity and applause which the peculiar beauty and sweetness of the poem so justly merited.

The fatal battle of Philippi, U. C. 712, in which Augustus and Antony were victorious, at once annihilated every shadow of liberty in the commonwealth. Those veteran legions, who had conquered the world, fought no more for the dearest rights of their country; but at one time were its protectors, and at another its ravagers. As the *amor patriæ* no longer inspired them, the treasury of the Roman empire proved inadequate to allay their boundless thirst for wealth; Augustus, therefore, to silence their clamours, distributed among them the flourishing colony of Cremona, and to make up the deficiency, added part of the state of Mantua. In vain, as Appian relates, did the miserable mothers, with famishing infants at their breasts, fill the Forum with their numbers, and the air with their lamentations; in vain did the inhabitants complain of being driven like vanquished enemies from their native homes; such scenes are familiar to the conquerors in a civil war; and those legions, who had sacrificed their own and country's liberty, must be recompensed at the expense of justice, and the happiness of thousands. Virgil, involved in the common calamity, had recourse to his old patrons, Pollio and Mæcenas, and supported by them, petitioned Agustus, not only for the possession of his own property, but for the reinstatement of his countrymen in theirs also; which, after some hesitation, was denied, accompanied by a grant for the restitution of his individual estate.

Full of gratitude for such distinguished favour, Virgil composed his *Tityrus*, in which he has introduced one shepherd complaining of the destruction of his farm, the anarchy and confusion of the times; and another, rejoicing that he can again tune his reed to love amidst his flocks; promising to honour, as a superior being the restorer of his happiness.

Digitized by Google

———Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.
Namque erat ille mihi semper Deus;* illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.

Unfortunately for Virgil his joy was not of long continuance, for on arriving at Mantua and producing his warrant to Arrius, a captain of foot, whom he found in possession of his house, the old soldier was so enraged at what he termed the presumption of a poet, that he wounded him dangerously with his sword, and would certainly have killed him, had he not escaped by swimming hastily over the Mincius. Virgil was therefore compelled to return half the length of Italy, with a body reduced by sickness, and a mind depressed by disappointment, again to petition Augustus for the restoration of his estate. During this journey, which from the nature of his wound, was extremely slow, he is supposed to have written his *Moeris*, or ninth Eclogue, and this conjecture is rendered more probable by the disjointed matter, and continual want of connexion, perceivable through the whole composition; displaying evidently the disorder at that time predominant in the poet's mind. However, on his arrival at Rome, he had the satisfaction to find, that effectual orders had been given, and the farm resigned into the hands of his procurator or bailiff, to whom the above pastoral is addressed.

* *Deus* was used among the Romans for any superior Being, or Genius, and metaphorically for any emperor, great man, or patron; differing considerably from the meaning of the word *God* in English. Thus Cicero, speaking of Plato, says, "*Deus ille noster*;" and Lucretius, "*Deus ille fuit Deus inclyte Memmi*," of Epicurus; and Silius Italicus (lib. xiii. 734.) calls Virgil himself a God. It appears therefore, from these examples, that the poet might very well *deify* Augustus; but when he adds farther, "That he will frequently sacrifice to him at his altar," it must be considered as poetical license, and the effervescence of gratitude; for the Romans as a nation, did not elevate Augustus to the rank of *Deus*, till at least five years after Virgil had written this, or U. C. 719

Digitized by Google

The Sibylline Oracles having received information from the Jews, that a child was to be born, who should be the Saviour of the world, and to whom nations and empires should bow with submission, pretended to foretell that this event would occur in the year of Rome 714, after the peace concluded between Augustus and Antony. Virgil viewing this prophecy with the vivid imagination of a poet, and willing to flatter the ambition of his patron, composed his celebrated Eclogue, entitled *Pollio*, in which he supposes the child, who was thus to unite mankind and restore the golden age, to be the infant with which Octavia, wife to Antony, and half sister to Augustus, was then pregnant by her former husband Marcellus. In this production the consul Pollio, Octavia, and even the unborn infant, are flattered with his usual delicacy. and the rival Triumviri, though a short time before, in open hostility, have the honour of equally sharing the poet s applause.

While Pollio, who seems to have been the most accomplished man of his age and is celebrated as a poet, soldier, orator, and historian, was engaged in an expedition against the *Parthini*, whom he subdued, Virgil addressed to him his *Pharmaceutria*, one of the most beautiful of all his Eclogues, and in imitation of a poem of the same name by his favourite author Theocritus. This production is the more valuable as it has handed down to posterity, the superstitious rites of the Romans, and the Heathen notions of enchantment. Virgil himself seems to have been conscious of the beauty of his subject, and the dignity of the person whom he was addressing, and accordingly has given us, by the fertility of his genius and the brilliancy of his imagination, some of the most sublime images that are to be found in any of the writings of antiquity.

By the advice, and at the earnest entreaty of Augustus, Virgil, in his 34th year, retired to Naples, and laid the plan of his inimitable Georgics: a design as new in Latin verse, as pastorals, before his, were in Italy. There

Digitized by Google

he undertook for the interest, and to promote the welfare of his country. As the continual civil wars had entirely depopulated and laid waste the land usually appropriated for cultivation; the peasants turned soldiers, and their farms, a scene of desolation; famine and insurrection were the inevitable consequences that followed so overwhelming a calamity. Augustus therefore resolved to revive the decayed spirit of husbandry, and began by employing Virgil to recommend it with all the insinuating charms of poetry. This work took up seven of the most vigorous years of his life, and fully answered the expectation of his generous patron. The Georgics must be allowed to contain all those masterly beauties which might be expected from an exalted genius, whose judgment and imagination were in full maturity, and who had leisure to give the last polish and perfection to a work so exquisitely conceived. In the introduction to the third Georgic he hints at his projection of the *Æneis*, and by one of the finest allegories in ancient poetry, has expressed an intention of erecting a monument, "more lasting than brass," in honour of Augustus.

> Et viridi in campo templum de marmoro ponam
> Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
> Mincius, et tenera prætexit arundine ripas.
> In medio mihi Cæsar erit, templumque tenebit.

After this, he takes advantage of the noblest privilege of his art, and breaks away in a fit of prophetic enthusiasm, predicting success in his intended enterprise, and, under the imagery of an ancient triumph, delineates the future glories of his magnificent design.

Augustus having conquered his rival Antony, gave the last wound to expiring liberty, by usurping the exclusive government of the Roman empire. To reconcile a nation to this, naturally jealous of its freedom, seems to have been the grand object of Virgil in his Æneid. This noble poem, which equals the Iliad of Homer, and the sacred effusions of Milton, was begun in the 45th year of the author's life, and has always been considered as

Digitized by Google

the most perfect political composition that ever appeared. Not an incident that could in any way tend to flatter the Roman people into a submission to the existing government, has escaped his penetrating judgment. He traces their origin to the Trojans, and makes Augustus a lineal descendant of Æneas. At the command of the gods, they obey him, and in return, are promised the empire of the world. So anxious was Augustus for the result of this poem, that he insisted on hearing part of it read, long before the whole was completed: gratitude, after threats and entreaties had been used in vain, at length induced its author to comply; and knowing Octavia, who had just lost her son Marcellus, would be present, Virgil fix'd upon the sixth book, and perhaps the finest part of the whole Æneid. His illustrious auditors, listened with all the attention which such interesting narrative and eloquent recital demanded, till he came to that beautiful lamention for the death of young Marcellus, beginning with

O nate, ingentum luctum ne quære tuorum;

and where, after exhausting panegyric, he has artfully suppressed the name of its object, till the concluding verse

Tu Marcellus eris.—

at these words Octavia, overcome with surprise and sorrow, fainted away; but, on recovering, was so highly gratified at having her son thus immortalized, that she presented the poet with ten *sesterces* for each line, amounting in the whole to upwards of two thousand pounds sterling. Having at length brought his Æneid to a conclusion, Virgil proposed travelling into Greece, and devoting three years to the correction and improvement of his favourite work. It was during his abscence on this occasion that Horace addressed to him that affectionate ode,

Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic Fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis aliis, præter Iapyga,

Digitized by Google

Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis,
Reddas incolumem, precor;
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ,

Virgil having arrived at Athens, met with Augustus, who was returning from a victorious expedition to the East, and who requested the company of the poet back to Italy. The latter deemed it his duty to comply; but being desirous of seeing as many of the Grecian antiquities as the time would admit of, went for that purpose to Megara, where he was seized with a dangerous illness, (*languorem nactus est*) which, from neglect, and the agitation of the vessel in returning to Italy, proved mortal at Brundusium, on the twenty-second of September, U. C. 735, when he had nearly completed his fifty-second year. Virgil died with the greatest tranquillity; and his remains being carried to Naples, were interred in a monument erected at a small distance from the city; where it is still shown, with the following inscription, said to have been dictated by him on his death-bed.

Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc
Parthenope: cecini Pascus, Rura, Duces.

In his will he had ordered that the Æneid should be burnt, not having finished it to his mind; but Augustus wisely forbade the destruction of a performance which will perpetuate his name for ever, and which has proved him to be a descendant of the gods. It was therefore delivered to Varius and Tucca, Virgil's intimate friends, with the strictest charge to make no additions, but merely to publish it correctly in the state it then was.

In person, Virgil was tall, and wide shouldered, of a dark swarthy complexion, which probably proceeded from the southern extraction of his father; his constitution was delicate, and the most trifling fatigue, either from exercise or study, produced violent headach, and spitting of blood. In temper he was melancholy and thoughtful, loving retirement and contemplation. Though one of the

Digitized by Google

greatest geniuses of his age, and the admiration of the Romans, he always preserved a singular modesty, and lived chaste, when the manners of the people were extremely corrupt. His character was so benevolent and inoffensive that most of his cotemporary poets, though they envied each other, agreed in loving and esteeming him. He was bashful to a degree of timidity; his aspect and behaviour rustic, and ungraceful; yet was so honoured by his countrymen, that once coming into the theatre, the whole audience rose out of respect to him. His fortune was large, supposed to be about seventy thousand pounds of our money, besides which, he possessed a noble mansion and well furnished library on the Esquiline Mount at Rome, and an elegant villa in Sicily. Both these last he left to Mæcenas at his death, together with a considerable proportion of his personal property; the remainder he divided between his relations and Augustus, the latter having introduced a politic fashion of being in every body's will, which alone produced a sufficient revenue for a prince in those days.

So much has been written on the poems of Virgil, both by ancient and modern authors, so many ingenious panegyrics have appeared on the splendour of his diction, and the extent of his genius, that it would be little less than presumption to add any thing farther in his praise. On the following translation, as indeed on every work of merit, there has existed a variety of opinions; several writers have gone so far as to attempt a new version of the Roman poet, but if we except a single instance, it may be fairly asserted, that they have uniformly failed, and even the laborious production of Mr. Pitt, corrected by the erudite Wharton, is greatly inferior, both in spirit and elevation of style, to the excellent translation by Mr. Dryden. Notwithstanding the difficulty of rendering a celebrated Latin poem, with the splendour and energy of the original, into a language so deficient in harmony as the English, Mr. Dryden has so far succeeded, as to hand down to posterity, in the opinion of that great

Digitized by Google

poet and critic Mr. Pope, the most noble and spirited translation of Virgil that ever appeared in any language. It has survived the repeated attacks of talent and malignity; and it must be allowed, that as long as a regard for supereminent merit, and admiration of the illustrious Roman author shall exist, it will continue to be considered by every man of real taste, an ornament to poetical composition, and an honour to British genius.

G. D.

Digitized by Google

PASTORALS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PASTORAL I.

OR,

TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

ARGUMENT.

The occasion of the first pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua; turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mæcenas's intercession, and, as an instance of his gratitude, composed the following pastoral, where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

BENEATH the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your silvan muse.
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home;
While, stretch'd at ease, you sing your happy loves, 5
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.

TITYRUS.

These blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd;
For never can I deem him less than God.
The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed. 10
He gave me kine to graze the flow'ry plain,
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

Digitized by Google

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not your fortune but admire,
That, while the raging sword and wasteful fire
Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around, 15
No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
Far diff'rent is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes.
And this, you see, I scarcely drag along,
Who, yeaning, on the rocks has left her young; 20
The hope and promise of my falling fold.
My loss, by dire portents the gods foretold;
For, had I not been blind, I might have seen:—
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough, 25
By croaking from the left, presaged the coming blow,
But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly pow'r
Preserv'd your fortune in that fatal hour?

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market days we come, 30
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
So kids and whelps their sires and dams express;
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like shrubs, when lofty cypresses are near. 35

MELIBŒUS.

What great occasion call'd you hence to Rome?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' slow to come.
Nor did my search of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin;
Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look, 40
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspired to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheese to country markets brought, 45

Digitized by Google

Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still returned as empty as I went.

MELIBŒUS.

We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn,
Unknowing that she pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long, 50
For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hung.
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whisp'ring pines made vows for thy return. 55

TITYRUS.

What should I do?—While here I was enchain'd
No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope, in any place but there,
To find a god so present to my pray'r.
There first the youth of heavenly birth I view'd, 60
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MELIBŒUS.

O fortunate old man! whose farm remains—
For you sufficient—and requites your pains;
Though rushes overspread the neighb'ring plains,
Though here the marshy grounds approach your fields,
And there the soil a stony harvest yields.
Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
Nor fear a rot from tainted company, 70
Behold! yon bord'ring fence of sallow trees
Is fraught with flow'rs, the flow'rs are fraught with bees
The busy bees, with a soft murmuring strain,
Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain.
While, from the neighb'ring rock, with rural songs, 75
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs,
Stock-doves and turtles tell their am'rous pain,
And from the lofty elms, of love complain.

Digitized by Google

TITYRUS

Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air, shall range, 80
The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink,
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MELIBŒUS.

But we must beg our bread in climes unknown, 85
Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone:
And some to far Oaxis shall be sold,
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold;
The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd. 90
O! must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor, after length of rolling years, return?
Are we condemn'd by fates unjust decree,
No more our houses and our homes to see?
Or shall we mount again the rural throne, 95
And rule the country kingdoms once our own;
Did we for these barbarians plant and sow?
On these, on these, our happy fields bestow?
Good heaven! what dire effects from civil discord flow!
Now let me graft my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
Farewell, my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme! 105
No more extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
Leap down the deep abyss, and hang in air.
No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;
No more my song shall please the rural crew:
Adieu my tuneful pipe! and all the world, adieu!

Digitized by Google

TITYRUS.

This night, at least, with me forget your care;
Chestnuts, and curds and cream shall be your fare:
The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread;
And boughs shall weave a cov'ring for your head.
For see, yon sunny hill the shade extends;
And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

Digitized by Google

PASTORAL II.

OR,

ALEXIS.

ARGUMENT.

The commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love, in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral: he complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples. But when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome amour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy shepherd swain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan:—
Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward? 5
And must I die unpitied, and unheard?
Now the green lizard in the grove is laid;
The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;
And Thestylis wild thyme and garlic beats
For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and heats; 10
While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain.
The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
They fried with heat, and I with fierce desire.
How much more easy was it to sustain 15
Proud Amaryllis, and her haughty reign,

Digitized by Google

The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Though he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.
Trust not too much to that enchanting face!
Beauty's a charm; but soon the charm will pass. 20
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While dusky hyacinths for use remain.
My passion is thy scorn; nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow;
What stores my dairies and my folds contain— 25
A thousand lambs that wander on the plain;
New milk, that, all the winter, never fails,
And, all the summer, overflows the pails.
Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
When summon'd stones the Theban turrets rear'd. 30
Nor am I so deform'd; for, late I stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood:
The winds were still; and, if the glass be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.
O leave the noisy town: O come and see 35
Our country cots, and live content with me!
To wound the flying deer and from their cotes
With me to drive a-field the browsing goats;
To pipe and sing, and, in our country strain,
To copy or perhaps contend with Pan. 40
Pan taught to join with wax unequal reeds;
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds.
Nor scorn the pipe: Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kisses would my skill have bought.
Of seven smooth joints, a mellow pipe I have, 45
Which, with his dying breath, Damœtas gave,
And said, "this, Corydon, I leave to thee;
For only thou deserv'st it after me."
His eyes Amyntas durst not upward lift;
For much he grudg'd the praise, but more the gift. 50
Besides, two kids, that in the valley stray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd,
They drain two bagging udders ev'ry day;
And these shall be companions of thy play;

Digitized by Google

Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian stain, 55
Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain:
And she shall have them, if again she sues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuse.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care!
And take the presents which the nymphs prepare. 60
White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring.
The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppy's head,
The short narcissus and fair daffodil, 65
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell;
And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To shade marsh marigolds of shining hue;
Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
To dress thy bow'r, and trim thy new abode. 70
Myself will search our planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the glossy plum:
And thrash the chestnuts in the neighb'ring grove,
Such as my Amaryllis us'd to love.
The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree; 75
And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon! ah poor unhappy swain!
Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain:
Nor, should'st thou offer all thy little store,
Will rich Iolas yield, but offer more. 80
What have I done, to name that wealthy swain?
So powerful are his presents, mine so mean!
The boar amidst my crystal streams I bring;
And southern winds to blast my flowery spring.
Ah cruel creature! whom dost thou despise? 85
The gods, to live in woods, have left the skies;
And godlike Paris, in the Idæan grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd Œnone's love.
In cities which she built, let Pallas reign;
Tow'rs are for gods, but forests for the swain. 90
The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse;

Digitized by Google

Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon:
All follow sev'ral games, and each his own.
See, from afar the fields no longer smoke; 95
The sweating steers, unharness'd from the yoke,
Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
The shadows lengthen as the sun goes low;
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove:
Ah, cruel heav'n! that made no cure for love! 100
I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain:
Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
What frenzy, shepherd has thy soul possess'd?
Thy vineyard lies half prun'd and half undress'd.
Quench, Corydon thy long unanswered fire! 105
Mind what the common wants of life require:
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care;
And find an easier love, though not so fair.

Digitized by Google

PASTORAL III.

OR,

PALÆMON.

MENALCAS, DAMŒTAS, PALÆMON.

ARGUMENT.

Damœtas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at song; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances; who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS.

HO, swain! what shepherd owns those ragged sheep?

DAMŒTAS.

Ægon's they are: he gave them me to keep.

MENALCAS.

Unhappy sheep of an unhappy swain!
While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the damsel shall obtain, 5
Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gains devour;
Thou milk'st his ewes and often twice an hour;
Of grass and fodder thou defraud'st the dams,
And of their mother's dugs the starving lambs.

DAMŒTAS.

Good words young catamite, at least to men; 10
We know who did your business, how, and when:

Digitized by Google

And in what chapel too you play'd your prize,
And what the gods observ'd with leering eyes, —
The nymphs were kind and laugh'd: and there your
safety lies.

MENALCAS.

Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the leys, 15
Cut Micon's tender vines, and stole the stays!

DAMŒTAS.

Or rather, when, beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the shafts, you broke,
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And, but for mischief, you had died for spite. 20

MENALCAS.

What nonsense would the fool thy master prate,
When thou, his knave, canst talk at such a rate!
Did I not see you, rascal, did I not,
When you lay snug to snap young Damon's goat?
His mongrel bark'd: I ran to his relief, 25
And cried, "There, there he goes! stop, stop the thief!"
Discover'd, and defeated of your prey,
You skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd away.

DAMŒTAS.

An honest man may freely take his own:
The goat was mine, by singing fairly won. 30
A solemn match was made: he lost the prize.
Ask Damon, ask, if he the debt denies.
I think he dares not: If he does, he lies.

MENALCAS.

Thou sing with him, thou booby!—Never pipe
Was so profan'd to touch that blubber'd lip. 35
Dunce at the best! in streets but scarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.

DAMŒTAS.

To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our skill, our voices, to compare?

Digitized by Google

My brinded heifer to the stake I lay: 40
Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day,
And twice, besides her beestings, never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your singing with an equal stake.

MENALCAS.

That should be seen, if I had one to make. 45
You know too well I feed my father's flock:
What can I wager from the common stock?
A step-dame too I have, a cursed she,
Who rules my hen-peck'd sire, and orders me;
Both number twice a day the milky dams; 50
And once she takes the tale of all the lambs.
But, since you will be mad, and since you may
Suspect my courage, if I should not lay,
The pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood: 55
Both by divine Alcimedon were made:
To neither of them yet the lip is laid.
The lids are ivy: grapes in clusters lurk
Beneath the carving of the curious work.
Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear— 60
Conon, and, what's his name, who made the sphere,
And show'd the seasons of the sliding year,
Instructed in his trade the lab'ring swain,
And when to reap, and when to sow the grain?

DAMŒTAS.

And I have two, to match your pair, at home; 65
The wood the same; from the same hand they come,
(The kimbo handles seem with bear's-foot carv'd)
And never yet to table have been serv'd;
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beasts encompass'd and a dancing grove. 70
But these, nor all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.

MENALCAS.

No more delays, vain boaster, but begin!
I prophesy beforehand, I shall win.

Digitized by Google

Palæmon shall be judge how ill you rhyme. 75
I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAMŒTAS.

Rhymer, come on! and do the worst you can.
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
With silence, neighbour, and attention, wait:
For 'tis a business of a high debate. 80

PALÆMON.

Sing then: the shade affords a proper place;
The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields with grass;
The blossoms blow; the birds on bushes sing;
And nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
The challenge to Damœtas shall belong: 85
Menalcas shall sustain his under-song:
Each in his turn, your tuneful numbers bring:
By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAMŒTAS.

From the great father of the gods above
My Muse begins; for all is full of Jove; 90
To Jove the care of heav'n and earth belongs;
My flocks he blesses, and he loves my songs.

MENALCAS.

Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muse inspires;
And, in her songs, the warmth he gave, requires.
For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep, 95
My blushing hyacinths and my bays I keep.

DAMŒTAS.

My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies:
Then tripping to the wood the wanton hies,
And wishes to be seen before she flies.

MENALCAS.

But fair Amyntas comes unask'd to me, 100
And offers love, and sits upon my knee.
Not Delia to my dogs is known so well as he.

Digitized by Google

DAMŒTAS.

To the dear mistress of my love-sick mind,
Her swain a pretty present has design'd:
I saw two stock-doves billing, and ere long 105
Will take the nest; and hers shall be the young.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And stood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;
I sent Amyntas all my present store;
And will, to-morrow, send as many more. 110

DAMŒTAS.

The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
And all she said and did was full of charms.
Winds! on your wings to heav'n her accents bear,
Such words as heav'n alone is fit to hear.

MENALCAS.

Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight, 115
To call you mine, when absent from my sight?
I hold the nets, while you pursue the prey;
And must not share the dangers of the day.

DAMŒTAS.

I keep my birthday: send my Phyllis home:
At shearing-time, Iolas you may come. 120

MENALCAS.

With Phyllis I am more in grace than you:
Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue:
"Adieu, my dear!" she said, "a long adieu!"

DAMŒTAS.

The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold; 125
But, from my frowning fair, more ills I find,
Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter-wind.

Digitized by Google

MENALCAS.

The kids with pleasure browse the bushy plain;
The showers are grateful to the swelling grain;
To teeming ewes the sallow's tender tree; 130
But, more than all the world, my love to me.

DAMŒTAS.

Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read:
A heifer, Muses, for your patron breed.

MENALCAS.

My Pollio writes himself:—a bull he bred,
With spurning heels, and with a butting head. 135

DAMŒTAS.

Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse admires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires.
Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill,
And show'rs of honey from his oaks distil.

MENALCAS.

Who hates not living Bavius, let him be 140
(Dead Mævius!) damn'd to love thy works and thee!
The same ill taste of sense would serve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and shear the swine.

DAMŒTAS.

Ye boys, who pluck the flow'rs, and spoil the spring,
Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting. 145

MENALCAS.

Graze not too near the banks, my jolly sheep:
The ground is false; the running streams are deep:
See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighb'ring rock.

DAMŒTAS.

From rivers drive the kids, and sling your hook 150
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow brook.

Digitized by Google

MENALCAS.

To fold, my flock!—when milk is dried with heat,
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.

DAMŒTAS.

How lank my bulls from plenteous pasture come!
But love, that drains the herd, destroys the groom. 155

MENALCAS.

My flocks are free from love, yet look so thin,
Their bones are barely covered with their skin.
What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?

DAMŒTAS.

Say, where the round of heav'n, which all contains, 160
To three short ells on earth our sight restrains:
Tell that, and raise a Phœbus for thy pains.

MENALCAS.

Nay tell me first, in what new region springs
A flow'r, that bears inscrib'd the names of kings;
And thou shalt gain a present as divine 165
As Phœbus' self: for Phyllis shall be thine.

PALÆMON.

So nice a diff'rence in your singing lies,
That both have won, or both deserv'd the prize.
Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter sweets, and pleasing pains of love. 170
Now dam the ditches. and the floods restrain:
Their moisture has already drench'd the plain.

Digitized by Google

PASTORAL IV.

OR,

POLLIO.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet celebrates the birthday of Saloninus, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Salonen, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain!
Tho' lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes, 5
Renews its finish'd course: Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb in radiant circles run,
The base degen'rate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven descends. 10
O chaste Lucina! speed the mother's pains;
And haste the glorious birth! thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace:
Majestic months set out (with him) to their appointed race. 15
The father banish'd virtue shall restore;
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.

Digitized by Google

The jarring nations he in peace shall bind, 20
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring,)
As her first off'rings to her infant king.
The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward speed, 25
And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
His cradle shall with rising flow'rs be crown'd:
The serpent's brood shall die: the sacred ground
Shall weeds and pois'nous plants refuse to bear;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear. 30
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,
Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every thorn;
The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep; 35
And thro' the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep.
Yet, of old fraud some footsteps shall remain:
The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain:
Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round;
And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground; 40
Another Tiphys shall new seas explore;
Another Argo land the chiefs upon th' Iberian shore;
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But, when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow, 45
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego:
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware;
For every soil shall every product bear.
The lab'ring hind his oxen shall disjoin:
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine; 50
Nor wool shall in dissembled colour shine;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, and unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat. 55

Digitized by Google

The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O, of celestial seed! O, foster-son of Jove!
See, lab'ring Nature calls thee to sustain 60
The nodding frame of heav'n, and earth, and main!
See to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air;
And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks appear.
To sing thy praise, would heav'n my breath prolong,
Infusing spirits worthy such a song, 65
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
Nor Linus crown'd with never fading bays;
Though each his heav'nly parent should inspire;
The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme, 70
Arcadian judges should their god condemn.
Begin, auspicious boy! to cast about
Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile thy mother single out.
Thy mother well deserves that short delight.
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travail to requite. 75
Then smile! the frowning infant's doom is read:
No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the bed.

Digitized by Google

PASTORAL V.

OR,

DAPHNIS.

ARGUMENT.

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds at a song, begin one by consent to the memory of Daphnis, who is supposed by the best critics to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopsus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims his divinity; the whole eclogue consisting of an elegy and an apotheosis.

MENALCAS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And since my voice can match your tuneful reed,
Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade,
Which hazels, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOPSUS.

Whether you please that sylvan scene to take, 5
Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make;
Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread?

MENALCAS.

Your merit and your years command the choice:
Amyntas only rivals you in voice. 10

MOPSUS.

What will not that presuming shepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with Phœbus may compare?

MENALCAS.

Begin you first; if either Alcon's praise,
Or dying Phillis, have inspir'd your lays:

Digitized by Google

If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend, 15
Begin; and Tityrus your flocks shall tend.

MOPSUS.

Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ?
I writ, and sung betwixt. Now bring the swain
Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain. 20

MENALCAS.

Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
Or the pale sallow of the blushing rose;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine in sweetness and in height.

MOPSUS

No more, but sit, and hear the promis'd lay: 25
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
The nymphs about the breathless body wait
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.
The trees and floods were witness to their tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears. 30
The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.
She sigh'd, she sobb'd; and furious with despair,
She rent her garments, and she tore her hair,
Accusing all the gods, and ev'ry star. 35
The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.
The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore;
They cast the sound to Libya's desert shore; 40
The Libyan lions hear, and hearing roar.
Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear,
And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear.
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain, 45
And holy revels for his reeling train.

Digitized by Google

As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn;
So bright a splendour, so divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race. 50
When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
Our guardian gods the fields and plains forsook:
Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain:
No fruitful crop the sickly fields return; 55
But oats and darnel choke the rising corn.
And where the vales with violets once was crown'd
Now knotty burns and thorns disgrace the ground.
Come, shepherds, come, and strew with leaves the plain:
Such fun'ral rites your Daphnis did ordain. 60
With cypress boughs the crystal fountains hide,
And softly let the running waters glide.
A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,
With this inscription to record his praise;
"Daphnis, the fields' delight, the shepherds' love, 65
Renown'd on earth, and deifi'd above;
Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
But less than he himself surpass'd the swains."

MENALCAS.

O heav'nly poet! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears, 70
As to the weary swain with cares opprest,
Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest;
As to the fev'rish traveller, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.
In singing, as in piping, you excel; 75
And scarce your master could perform so well.
O fortunate young man! at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
To raise our Daphnis to the pow'rs divine; 80
For Daphnis was so good, to love whate'er was mine.

Digitized by Google

MOPSUS.

How is my soul with such a promise rais'd!
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimicon has often made me long
To hear, like him, so soft, so sweet a song. 85

MENALCAS.

Daphnis, the guest of heaven, with wond'ring eyes
Views, in the milky way, the starry skies,
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
For this with cheerful cries the woods resound, 90
The purple spring arrays the varied ground,
The nymphs and shepherds dance, and Pan himself is crown'd.
The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils;
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence 95
His mother's milder beams, and peaceful influence.
The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.
Assenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted god. 100
Be still propitious, ever good be thine!
Behold! four hallow'd altars we design;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise;
On both is offer'd annual sacrifice.
The holy priests, at each returning year, 105
Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear;
And I myself the guests with friendly bowls will cheer.
Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
The gen'rous vintage of the Chian vine:
These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine. 110
In winter shall the genial feast be made
Before the fire; by summer in the shade,
Damœtas shall perform the rites divine;
And Lyctian Ægon in the song shall join.

Digitized by Google

Alphesibœus, tripping, shall advance, 115
And mimic satyrs in his antic dance,
When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
And when our fields with victims we survey—
While savage boars delight in shady woods,
And finny fish inhabit in the floods— 120
While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on dew—
Thy grateful swains these honours shall renew.
Such honours as we pay to pow'rs divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine.
Such annual honours shall be given; and thou 125
Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy suppliants to their vow.

MOPSUS.

What present, worth thy verse, can Mopsus find?
Not the soft whispers of the southern wind,
That play through trembling trees, delight me more?
Nor murmuring billows on the sounding shore: 130
Nor winding streams that through the valley glide,
And the scarce cover'd pebbles gently chide.

MENALCAS.

Receive you first this tuneful pipe, the same
That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame:
The same that sung Neæra's conqu'ring eyes, 135
And, had the judge been just, had won the prize.

MOPSUS.

Accept from me this sheep-hook in exchange;
The handle brass; the knobs in equal range,
Antigenes, with kisses, often tried
To beg this present, in his beauty's pride, } 140
When youth and love are hard to be denied.
But what I could refuse to his request,
Is yours unask'd; for you deserve it best.

Digitized by Google

PASTORAL VI.

OR,

SILENUS.

ARGUMENT.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasylus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This pastoral was designed as a compliment to Syron the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasylus as the two pupils.

I FIRST transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains;
Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan plains.
But when I tried her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings and bloody battles sung,
Apollo check'd my pride, and bade me feed 5
My fatt'ning flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admonish'd thus, while every pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars,
My past'ral Muse her humble tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings: 10
For all who read, and, reading, not disdain
These rural poems, and their lowly strain,
The name of Varus, oft inscrib'd shall see
In ev'ry grove, and ev'ry vocal tree;
And all the sylvan reign shall sing of thee: 15

Digitized by Google

Thy name, to Phœbus and the muses known,
Shall in the front of ev'ry page be shown;
For, he who sings thy praise secures his own.
Proceed, my Muse!—Two Satyrs on the ground,
Stretch'd at his ease, their sire Silenus found. 20
Doz'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him snoring in his dark abode,
And seiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
His rosy wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor. 25
His empty can, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unstring, and bind his hands:
For, by the fraudful god deluded long, 30
They now resolve to have their promis'd song.
Ægle came in, to make their party good—
The fairest Naïs of the neighb'ring flood—
And, while he stares around with stupid eyes,
His brows with berries, and his temples, dies. 35
He finds the fraud, and with a smile demands,
On what design the boys had bound his hands.
"Loose me," he cried; "'twas impudence to find
A sleeping god; 'tis sacrilege to bind.
To you the promis'd poem I will pay; 40
The nymph shall be rewarded in her way."
He rais'd his voice, and soon a num'rous throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the song;
And sylvan Fauns, and savage beasts, advanc'd;
And nodding forests to the numbers danc'd. 45
Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard
With deeper silence, or with more regard.
He sung the secret seeds of Nature's frame;
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame, 50
Fell through the mighty void, and, in their fall,
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.

Digitized by Google

The tender soil, then stiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas.
Then earth and ocean, various forms disclose; 55
And a new sun to the new world arose;
And mists, condens'd to clouds, obscure the sky;
And clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty ground supply.
The rising trees the lofty mountains grace:
The lofty mountains feed the savage race, 60
Yet few, and strangers, in th' unpeopled place.
From thence the birth of man the song pursu'd,
And how the world was lost, and how renew'd:
The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage; 65
The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd,
With whose repeated name the shores resound;
Then mourns the madness of the Cretan queen:
Happy for her if herds had never been.
What fury, wretched woman, seiz'd thy breast? 70
The maids of Argus (though with rage possess'd,
Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove,)
Yet shunn'd the guilt of thy prepost'rous love,
Nor sought the youthful husband of the herd,
Tho' lab'ring yokes on their own necks they fear'd, 75
And felt for budding horns on their smooth foreheads rear'd.
Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathless wood,
While on a flow'ry bank he chews the cud,
Or sleeps in shades, or through the forest roves,
And roars with anguish for his absent loves. 80
"Ye nymphs, with toils his forest-walk surround,
And trace his wand'ring footsteps on the ground.
But, ah! perhaps my passion he disdains,
And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
We search th' ungrateful fugitive abroad, 85
While they at home sustain his happy load."
He sung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
With golden fruit, like all the sex, betray'd;

Digitized by Google

The sisters mourning for their brother's loss;
Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moss; 90
How each a rising alder now appears,
And o'er the Po distills her gummy tears:
Then sung, how Gallus, by a Muse's hand,
Was led and welcom'd to the sacred strand;
The senate rising to salute their guest, 95
And Linus thus their gratitude express'd:
"Receive this present, by the Muses made,
The pipe on which th' Ascræan pastor play'd;
With which of old he charm'd the savage train,
And call'd the mountain ashes to the plain. 100
Sing thou, on this, thy Phœbus, and the wood
Where once his fane of Parian marble stood:
On this his ancient oracles rehearse;
And with new numbers grace the god of verse."
Why should I sing the double Scylla's fate? 105
The first by love transform'd, the last by hate—
A beauteous maid above; but magic arts
With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts:
What vengeance on the passing fleet she pour'd,
The master frighted, and the mates devour'd. 110
Then ravish'd Philomel the song exprest;
The crime reveal'd; the sisters' cruel feast;
And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns,
The warbling nightingale in woods complains:
While Procne makes on chimney-tops her moan, 115
And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever songs besides the Delphian god
Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,
Silenus sung: the vales his voice rebound,
And carry to the skies the sacred sound. 120
And now the setting sun had warn'd the swain
To call his counted cattle from the plain:
Yet still th' unwearied sire pursues the tuneful strain.
Till, unperceiv'd, the heavens with stars were hung,
And sudden night surpris'd the yet unfinish'd song.

Digitized by Google

PASTORAL VII.

OR,

MELIBŒUS.

ARGUMENT.

Melibœus here gives us the relation of a sharp poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon, at which he and Daphnis were present; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm, repair'd two jolly swains,
(Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains)
Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
To sing, and answer as the song requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat; 5
And fortune thither led my weary feet.
For, while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
Of Daphnis I inquir'd: he smiling said,
"Dismiss your fear," and pointed where he fed: 10
"And if no greater cares disturb your mind,
Sit here with us in covert of the wind.
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At wat'ring time, will seek the neighbouring ford.
Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads, 15
And shades his happy banks with bending reeds.
And see, from yon old oak that meets the skies,
How black the clouds of swarming bees arise."
What should I do? nor was Alcippi nigh,
Nor absent Phillis could my care supply, 20
To house, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the strutting udders of their dams.

Digitized by Google

Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains:
And I preferr'd my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champion chose: 25
These Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrsis those.

CORYDON.

Ye muses, ever fair and ever young,
Assist my numbers and inspire my song.
With all my Codrus, O! inspire my breast;
For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best. 30
Or, if my wishes have presum'd too high,
And stretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign,
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown 35
With ivy-wreaths, though surly Codrus frown.
Or, if he blast my muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays.
Lest his ill arts or his malicious tongue
Should poison, or bewitch my growing song. 40

CORYDON.

These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
(The first essay of arms untried before)
Young Micon offers, Delia, to thy shrine.
But, speed his hunting with thy pow'r divine;
Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand; 45
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYRSIS.

This bowl of milk, these cakes, (our country fare)
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care.
But, if the falling lambs increase my fold, 50
Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.

Digitized by Google

CORYDON.

Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet.
O, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla sweet!
Tall as a poplar, taper as the pole!
Come, charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul. 55
Come, when my lated sheep at night return;
And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn.

THYRSIS.

May I become as abject in thy sight
As sea-weed on the shore, and black as night;
Rough as a burr; deform'd like him who chaws 60
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field, for shame! the flock deserves
No better feeding while the shepherd starves. 65

CORYDON.

Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains keep,
Defend my flock! The summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

THYRSIS.

With heapy fires our cheerful hearth is crown'd, 70
And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.

CORYDON.

Our woods, with juniper and chestnuts crown'd,
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground; 75
And lavish nature laughs, and strows her stores around.
But, if Alexis from our mountains fly,
E'en running rivers leave their channels dry.

THYRSIS.

Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor with'ring vines their juicy vintage yield 80

Digitized by Google

But, if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives; the woods are green again;
And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain.

CORYDON.

The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn; 85
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves;
With hazel Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
And, while she loves that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazel shall compare.

THYRSIS.

The tow'ring ash is fairest in the woods;
In gardens, pines, and poplars by the floods;
But, if my Lucidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the tow'ring ash shall yield in woods, 95
In gardens, pines, and poplars by the floods.

MELIBŒUS.

These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns. 100

Digitized by Google

PASTORAL VIII.

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

ARGUMENT.

This pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphesibœus. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some enchantress, who endeavoured by her spells and magic to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful muse of two despairing swains,
The love rejected and the lovers' pains;
To which the savage lynxes list'ning stood;
The rivers stood in heaps, and stopp'd the running flood;
The hungry herd their needful food refuse - 5
Of two despairing swains, I sing the mournful muse.

Great Pollio! thou, for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea, thy presence boast; 10
Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse;
The world another Sophocles in thee, 15
Another Homer should behold in me.
Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine:
Thine was my earliest muse, my latest shall be thine.

Scarce from the world the shades of night withdrew,
Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew, 20

Digitized by Google

When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Against the conscious gods, and curs'd the maid:
"Star of the morning, why dost thou delay?
Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day, 25
While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore—
Witness, ye pow'rs by whom she falsely swore!
The gods, alas! are witnesses in vain:
Yet shall my dying breath to heaven complain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain. 30

"The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verse and full of love:
They hear the hinds, they hear their god complain,
Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain. 35

"Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing fair.
When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can despair?
Now griffons join with mares; another age
Shall see the hound and hind their thirst assuage,
Promiscuous at the spring. Prepare the lights 40
O Mopsus! and perform the bridal rites.
Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys:
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
For thee the sun declines: O happy swain!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain. 45

"O Nisa! justly to thy choice condemn'd!
Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou contemn'd?
For him, thou hast refus'd my browzing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eye-brows, and my shaggy beard.
Unhappy Damon sighs and sings in vain, 50
While Nisa thinks no god regards a lover's pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"I view'd thee first, (how fatal was the view!)
And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew,
High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning dew. 55

Digitized by Google

Then scarce the bending branches I could win;
The callow down began to clothe my chin.
I saw, I perish'd, yet indulg'd my pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"I know thee, love! in deserts thou wert bred, 60
And at the dugs of savage tigers fed;
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strains.

"Relentless love the cruel mother led,
The blood of her unhappy babes to shed: 65
Love lent the sword; the mother struck the blow;
Inhuman she, but more inhuman thou:
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strains.

"Old doting Nature, change thy course anew; 70
And let the trembling lamb the wolf pursue.
Let oaks now glitter with Hesperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alder shoot:
Fat amber let the tamarisk distil,
And hooting owls contend with swans in skill; 75
Hoarse Tityrus strive with Orpheus in the woods,
And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.
Or, Oh, let Nature cease, and Chaos reign!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"Let earth be sea, and let the whelming tide 80
The lifeless limbs of luckless Damon hide:
Farewell, ye secret woods and shady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my loves:
From yon high cliff I plunge into the main:
Take the last present of thy dying swain: 85
And cease, my silent flute, the sweet Mænalian strain."

Now take your turns, ye Muses, to rehearse
His friend's complaints, and mighty magic verse.
"Bring running water: bind those altars round
With fillets, and with vervain strew the ground: 90

Digitized by Google

Make fat with frankincense the sacred fires,
To reinflame my Daphnis with desires.
'Tis done: we want but verse.—Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Pale Phœbe, drawn by verse, from heav'n descends;
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulysses' friends.
Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
And in the winding cavern splits the snake.
Verse fires the frozen veins.—Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms. 100

"Around his waxen image first I wind
Three woollen fillets, of three colours join'd;
Thrice bind about his thrice devoted head,
Which round the sacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers please the gods.—My charms, 105
Restore my Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Knit with three knots the fillets: knit them strait;
Then say, 'These knots to love I consecrate.'
Haste, Amaryllis, haste!—Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms. 110

"As fire this figure hardens, made of clay,
And this of wax with fire consumes away;
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be—
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.
Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn: 115
Next in the fire the bays with brimstone burn;
And, while it crackles in the sulphur, say,
'Tis I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn away!
This laurel is his fate.'—Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms. 120

"As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with desire, pursues her wand'ring love;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy pools,
To quench her thirst, and on the rushes rolls,
Careless of night, unmindful to return; 125
Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis burn.

Digitized by Google

While I so scorn his love!—Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"These garments once were his, and left to me.
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty, 130
Which underneath my threshold I bestow.
These pawns, O sacred earth! to me my Daphnis owe.
As these were his, so mine is he.—My charms,
Restore their ling'ring lord to my deluded arms.

"These pois'nous plants, for magic use design'd, 135
(The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind)
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic strand,
And cull'd the mischief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with these powerful juices, on the plain,
He howls, a wolf among the hungry train; 140
And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
With these, to call from tombs the stalking ghosts,
And from the roots to tear the standing corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is borne:
Such is the strength of spells Restore, my charms, 145
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Bear out these ashes: cast them in the brook;
Cast backwards o'er your head. nor turn your look:
Since neither gods nor godlike verse can move,
Break out, ye smother'd fires, and kindle smother'd love.
Exert your utmost pow'r, my ling'ring charms;
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.

"See, while my last endeavours I delay,
The waking ashes rise, and round our altars play!
Run to the threshold, Amaryllis—hark! 155
Our Hylax opens, and begins to bark.
Good heav'n! may lovers what they wish believe?
Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive?
No more! my Daphnis comes! no more, my charms!
He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my desiring arms." 160

Digitized by Google

PASTORAL IX.

OR,

LYCIDAS AND MŒRIS.

ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the favour of Augustus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the centurion, to whom those lands were assigned by the emperor, in reward of his service against Brutus and Cassius. This pastoral therefore is filled with complaints of this hard usage; and the persons introduced are the bailiff of Virgil, Mœris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

HO, Mœris! whither on thy way so fast?
This leads to town.

MŒRIS.

O Lycidas! at last
The time is come, I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me! 5
When the grim captain in a surly tone
Cries out, "Pack up, ye rascals, and be gone."
Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we could;
And these two kids, t' appease his angry mood,
I bear,—of which the Furies give him good! 10

LYCIDAS.

Your country friends were told another tale—
That from the sloping mountain to the vale,

Digitized by Google

And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his fortune with a song.

MŒRIS.

Such was the news, indeed; but songs and rhymes 15
Prevail as much in these hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise
Against an eagle sousing from the skies.
And had not Phœbus warn'd me, by the croak
Of an old raven from a hollow oak, 20
To shun debate, Menalcas had been slain,
And Mœris not survived him, to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now heaven defend! could barbarous rage induce
The brutal son of Mars t' insult the sacred Muse?
Who then should sing the nymphs? or who rehearse 25
The waters gliding in a smoother verse?
Of Amaryllis praise that heavenly lay,
That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious way—
"O Tityrus, tend my herd, and see them fed;
To morning pastures, ev'ning waters, led; } 30
And 'ware the Libyan ridgil's butting head."

MŒRIS.

Or what unfinish'd he to Varus read—
"Thy name, O Varus, (if the kinder pow'rs
Preserve our plains, and shield the Mantuan tow'rs,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime) 35
The wings of swans and stronger-pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above—
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove."

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, sing on: for I can ne'er be cloy'd.
So may thy swarms the baleful yew avoid: 40
So may thy cows their burden'd bags distend,
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.

Digitized by Google

Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
At least the shepherds seem to like my lays; 45
But I discern their flatt'ry from their praise:
I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus', dare aspire,
But gabble, like a goose amidst the swan-like choir.

MŒRIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind;
Nor are thy verses of a vulgar kind. 50
"Come, Galatea! come! the seas forsake?
What pleasures can the tides with their hoarse murmurs make?
See, on the shore inhabits purple spring;
Where nightingales their love-sick ditty sing:
See, meads with purling streams, with flow'rs the ground,
The grottos cool with shady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around.
Come then, and leave the waves' tumultuous roar;
Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore."

LYCIDAS.

Or that sweet song I heard with such delight; 60
The same you sung alone one starry night.
The tune I still retain, but not the words.

MŒRIS.

"Why, Daphnis, dost thou search in old records,
To know the seasons when the stars arise?
See, Cæsar's lamp is lightèd in the skies — 65
The star, whose rays the blushing grapes adorn,
And swell the kindly rip'ning ears of corn.
Under this influence graft the tender shoot;
Thy children's children shall enjoy the fruit."
The rest I have forgot, for cares and time 70
Change all things, and untune my soul to rhym
I could have once sung down a summer's sun:
But now the chime of poetry is done:

Digitized by Google

My voice grows hoarse, I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had seen me first to-day. 75
But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas hast not yet forgot to sing.

LYCIDAS.

Thy faint excuses but inflame me more:
And now the waves roll silent to the shore;
Hush'd winds the topmost branches scarcely bend, 80
As if thy tuneful song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can discern Bianor's tomb.
Here, where the lab'rer's hands have form'd a bow'r
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour. 85
Rest here thy weary limbs; thy kids lay down:
We've day before us yet to reach the town;
Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear.
And that thou mayst not be too late abroad, 90
Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.

MŒRIS.

Cease to request me; let us mind our way:
Another song requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice. 95

Digitized by Google

PASTORAL X.

or,

GALLUS.

ARGUMENT.

Gallus, a great patron of Virgil, and an excellent poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris, and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet therefore supposes his friend Gallus retired, in his height of melancholy, into the solitudes of Arcadia, (the celebrated scene of pastorals,) where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural deities about him, pitying his hard usage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY sacred succour, Arethusa, bring,
To crown my labour, ('tis the last I sing,)
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view:
The muse is mournful, though the numbers few, } 5
Refuse me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due.
So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.
Sing then my Gallus, and his hopeless vows;
Sing while my cattle crop the tender browze.
The vocal grove shall answer to the sound, 10
And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound
What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid,
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd,
To love, unpitied by the cruel maid?
Not steepy Pindus could retard your course, 15
Nor cleft Parnassus, nor the Aonian source:

Digitized by Google

Nothing that owns the Muses, could suspend
Your aid to Gallus:—Gallus is their friend.
For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub appears.
Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan,
When spread beneath a rock, he sigh'd alone;
And cold Lycæus wept from ev'ry dropping stone.
The sheep surround their shepherd, as he lies·
Blush not, sweet poet nor the name despise: 25
Along the streams, his flock Adonis fed;
And yet the queen of beauty blest his bed.
The swains and tardy neatherds came, and last
Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast.
Wond'ring they ask'd from whence arose thy flame. 30
Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes:
"Is she thy care? is she thy care?" he cries,
"Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and thee,
And for thy rival tempts the raging sea, 35
The forms of horrid war, and heav'n's inclemency."
Silvanus came: his brows a country crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, drown.
Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too,
His cheeks and temples of vermilion hue. 40
"Why, Gallus, this immod'rate grief?" he cried,
"Think'st thou that love with tears is satisfied?
The meads are sooner drunk with morning dews,
The bees with flow'ry shrubs, the goats with browse."
Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes, he mourn'd: 45
He paus'd, and then these broken words return'd:
"'Tis past; and pity gives me no relief:
But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my grief,
And on your hills my last complaints renew:
So sad a song is only worthy you. 50
How light would lie the turf upon my breast,
If you my suff'rings in your songs exprest!
Ah! that your birth and bus'ness had been mine—
To pen the sheep, and press the swelling vine!

Digitized by Google

Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain, 55
Or any nymph or shepherd on the plain,
(Tho' Phyllis brown, tho' black Amyntas were,
Are violets not sweet, because not fair?)
Beneath the sallows and the shady vine,
My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine: 60
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
And soft Amyntas sung away my care.
Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half so true, 65
Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,
And strive in winter camps with toils of war;
While you, (alas, that I should find it so!)
To shun my sight your native soil forego, 70
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal snow.
Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare!
Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.
For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice;
The Muses once my care, my once harmonious voice. 75
There will I sing, forsaken and alone:
The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.
The rind of ev'ry plant her name shall know;
And, as the rind extends, the love shall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chase 80
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage race;
Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To tread the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,
And rush through sounding woods, and bend the Parthian bow; 85
As if with sports my suff'rings I should ease,
Or by my pains the god of love appease.
My frenzy changes: I delight no more
On mountain tops to chase the tusky boar:

Digitized by Google

No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue: 90
Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding woods,
Lov^ alters not for us his hard decrees, (adieu!
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze,
Or Italy's indulgent heav'n foregó,
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian snow; 95
Or, when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we keep
On Meroe's burning plains the Libyan sheep.
In hell, and earth, and seas, and heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we must yield to love."
My Muses, here your sacred raptures end: 100
The verse was what I ow'd my suff'ring friend.
This while I sung, my sorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending osiers into baskets weav'd.
The song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine;
And Gallus will approve, because 'tis mine— 105
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew,
Each hour, and ev'ry moment rise in view;
As alders, in the spring, their boles extend,
And heave so fiercely, that the bark they rend,
Now let us rise: for hoarseness oft invades 110
The singer's voice, who sings beneath the shades.
From juniper unwholesome dews distil,
That blast the sooty corn, the withering herbage kill.
Away, my goats, away! for you have brows'd your fill.

Digitized by Google

GEORGIC. I.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, in the beginning of this book, propounds the general design of each Georgic: and, after a solemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after strikes into his business. He shows the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar to each season, describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in heaven and earth that forebode them; instances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæsar's death: and shuts up all with a supplication to the gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine;
And how to raise on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee, 5
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.
Ye deities! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year direct,
Bacchus and fost'ring Ceres, pow'rs divine,
Who gave us corn for mast, for water, wine— 10
Ye Fauns, propitious to the rural swains,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains,
Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful succour; for your gifts I sing.
And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth, 15
And made a passage for the courser's birth;

Digitized by Google

And thou, for whom the Cean shore sustains
The milky herds, that gaze the flow'ry plains;
And thou, the shepherds' tutelary god,
Leave, for a while, O Pan, thy lov'd abode; 20
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my song repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fatt'ning oil,
Thou founder of the plough and ploughman's toil:
And thou, whose hands the shroud-like cypress rear;
Come, all ye gods and goddesses, that wear
The rural honours, and increase the year;
You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain;
And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain;
And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state 30
Is yet the bus'ness of the gods, debate,
Whether in after-times, to be declar'd,
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard.
Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
And the round circuit of the year to guide—
Pow'rful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
And with thy goddess mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, Cæsar, choose the wat'ry reign
To smoothe the surges, and correct the main?
Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray; 40
E'en utmost Thule shall thy pow'r obey;
And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea.
The wat'ry virgins for thy bed shall strive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays, 45
And, seated near the Balance, poise the days,
Where, in the void of heav'n, a space is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid for thee?
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws. 50
Whatever part of heav'n thou shalt obtain,
(For let not hell presume of such a reign;
Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move
Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above;

Digitized by Google

Though Greece admires Elysium's blest retreat, 55
Through Proserpine affects her silent seat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
Prefers the fields below to those above)
Be thou propitious, Cæsar! guide my course,
And to my bold endeavours add thy force: 60
Pity the poet's and the ploughman's cares;
Int'rest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our pray'rs.
While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds; 65
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
E'en in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil, 70
Till the bright share is buried in the soil.
That crop rewards the greedy peasant's pains,
Which twice the sun, and twice the cold sustains,
And bursts the crowded barns with more than promis'd gains.
But, ere we stir the yet unbroken ground, 75
The various course of seasons must be found;
The weather and the setting of the winds,
The culture suiting to the sev'ral kinds
Of seeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
And what the genius of the soil denies. 80
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres, suits:
That other loads the trees with happy fruits:
A fourth, with grass unbidden, decks the ground.
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd:
India black ebon and white iv'ry bears; 85
And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears.
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far,
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war:
Epirus, for th' Elean chariot, breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds. 90
This is th' orig'nal contract; these the laws

Digitized by Google

Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cause,
On sundry places, when Deucalion hurl'd
His mother's entrails on the desert world;
Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born. } 95
Then borrow part of winter for thy corn;
And early, with thy team, the glebe in furrows turn;
That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
Succeeding suns may bake the mellow ground.
But, if the soil be barren, only scar 100
The surface, and but lightly print the share,
When cold Arcturus rises with the sun:
Lest wicked weeds the corn should overrun
In wat'ry soils; or lest the barren sand
Should suck the moisture from the thirsty land. 105
Both these unhappy soils the swain forbears,
And keeps a sabbath of alternate years,
That the spent earth may gather heart again,
And, better'd by cessation, bear the grain.
At least where vetches, pulse, and tares, have stood, 110
And stalks of lupines grew (a stubborn wood,)
Th' ensuing season, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the golden year:
For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
And sleepy poppies harmful harvest yield. 115
But sweet vicissitudes of rest and toil
Make easy labour and renew the soil,
Yet sprinkle sordid ashes all around,
And load with fatt'ning dung the fallow ground.
Thus change of seeds for meagre soils is best; 120
And earth manur'd, not idle, though at rest.
Long practice has a sure improvement found,
With kindled fires to burn the barren ground,
When the light stubble, to the flames resign'd,
Is driv'n along, and crackles in the wind. 125
Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
Is warm'd with secret strength for better birth;
Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
Redundant humours through the pores expire;

Digitized by Google

Or that the warmth distends the chinks, and makes
New breathings, whence new nourishment she takes;
Or that the heat the gaping ground constrains,
New knits the surface, and new strings the veins;
Lest soaking show'rs should pierce her secret seat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat, 135
Or scorching suns too violently beat.
Nor is the profit small the peasant makes,
Who smoothes with harrows, or who pounds with rakes,
The crumbling clods: nor Ceres from on high
Regards his labours with a grudging eye; 140
Nor his, who ploughs across the furrow'd grounds,
And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds;
For he, with frequent exercise, commands
Th' unwilling soil, and tames the stubborn lands.
Ye swains, invoke the pow'rs who rule the sky 145
For a moist summer and a winter dry:
For winter drought rewards the peasant's pain,
And broods indulgent on the buried grain.
Hence Mysia boasts her harvests, and the tops
Of Gargarus admired their happy crops. 150
When first the soil receives the fruitful seed,
Make no delay, but cover it with speed:
So fenc'd from cold the pliant furrows break,
Before the surly clod resists the rake;
And call the floods from high, to rush amain 155
With pregnant streams, to swell the teeming grain.
Then, when the fiery sons too fiercely play,
And shrivell'd herbs on with'ring stems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his wat'ry stores—huge torrents flow, 160
And, rattling down the rocks, large moisture yield,
Temp'ring the thirsty fever of the field—
And, lest the stem, too feeble for the freight,
Should scarce sustain the head's unwieldy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes, t' invade 165
The rising bulk of the luxuriant blade,

Digitized by Google

Ere yet th' aspiring offspring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain;
And drains the standing waters, when they yield
Too large a bev'rage to the drunken field: 170
But most in autumn, and the show'ry spring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring;
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells hasty brooks, and pours upon the plain;
When earth with slime and mud is cover'd o'er 175
Or hollow places spew their wat'ry store.
Nor yet the ploughman, nor the lab'ring steer,
Sustain alone the hazards of the year:
But glutton geese, and the Strymonian crane,
With foreign troops invade the tender grain; 180
And tow'ring weeds malignant shadows yield;
And spreading succ'ry chokes the rising field.
The sire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with ease,
And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil, 185
Should exercise, with pains, the grudging soil;
Himself invented first the shining share,
And whetted human industry by care;
Himself did handicrafts and arts ordain,
Nor suffer'd sloth to rust his active reign. 190
Ere this, no peasant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turfs and greens for altars found:
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds:
But all was common, and the fruitful earth 195
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
And swell'd, with raging storms, the peaceful flood;
Commission'd hungry wolves t' infest the fold,
And shook from oaken leaves the liquid gold; 200
Remov'd from human reach the cheerful fire,
And from the rivers bade the vine retire;
That studious need might useful arts explore;
From furrow'd fields to reap the foodful store,

Digitized by Google

And force the veins of clashing flints t' expire 205
The lurking seeds of their celestial fire.
Then first on seas the hollow'd alder swam;
Then sailors quarter'd heav'n, and found a name
For ev'ry fix'd and ev'ry wand'ring star—
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car. 210
Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds, were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did forest-walks surround;
And casting-nets were spread in shallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
Then saws were tooth'd, and sounding axes made; 215
(For, wedges first did yielding wood invade)
And various arts in order did succeed,
(What cannot endless labour, urg'd by need?)
First Ceres taught the ground with grain to sow,
And arm'd with iron shares the crooked plough; 220
When now Dodonian oaks no more supplied
Their mast, and trees their forest-fruits denied.
Soon was his labour doubled to the swain,
And blasting mildews blacken'd all his grain:
Though thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn, 225
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was born:
Then burs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceless guests th' unhappy field subdue;
And oats unblest, and darnel domineers,
And shoots its head above the shining ears; 230
So that, unless the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and, with an iron war
Of rakes and harrows, the proud foes expell'd,
And birds with clamours frighted from the field
Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade the plain, 235
And heav'n invok'd with vows for fruitful rain—
On others' crops you may with envy look,
And shake for food the long-abandon'd oak.
Nor must we pass untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field; 240
Without whose aid the ground her corn denies,
And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise—

Digitized by Google

The crooked plough, the share, the tow'ring height
Of wagons and the cart's unwieldly weight,
The sled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail, 245
The fan of Bacchus, with the flying sail—
These all must be prepar'd if ploughmen hope
The promis'd blessing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms, with early force, in copses bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough. 250
Of eight feet long a fasten'd beam prepare:
On either side the head, produce an ear;
And sink a socket for the shining share.
Of beech the plough-tail and the bending yoke,
Or softer linden harden'd in the smoke. 255
I could be long in precepts; but I fear
So mean a subject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your threshing floor:
With temper'd clay, then fill and face it o'er;
And let the weighty roller run the round, 260
To smooth the surface of th' unequal ground;
Lest, crack'd with summer heats, the flooring flies,
Or sinks, and through the crannies weeds arise:
For sundry foes the rural realm surround:
The field-mouse builds her garner under ground 265
For gather'd grain: the blind laborious mole
In winding mazes works her hidden hole:
In hollow caverns vermin make abode—
The hissing serpent, and the swelling toad:
The corn-devouring weasel here abides, 270
And the wise ant her wintry store provides.
Mark well the flow'ring almonds in the wood:
If od'rous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign;
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain. 275
But, if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
Such and so barren will thy harvest be:
In vain the hind shall vex the thrashing-floor;
For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.

Digitized by Google

Some steep their seed, and some in caldrons boil, 280
With vig'rous nitre and with lees of oil,
O'er gentle fires, th' exub'rant juice to drain,
And swell the flatt'ring husks with fruitful grain.
Yet, the success is not for years assur'd
Though chosen is the seed, and fully cur'd, 285
Unless the peasant, with his annual pain,
Renews his choice, and culls the largest grain.
Thus all below, whether by Nature's curse,
Or Fate's decree, degen'rate still to worse
So the boat's brawny crew the current stem, 290
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
But, if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.
Nor must the ploughman less observe the skies,
When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus rise, 295
Then sailors homeward bent, who cut their way
Thro' Helle's stormy straits, and oyster-breeding sea.
But, when Astrea's balance, hung on high,
Betwixt the nights and days divides the sky,
Then yoke your oxen, sow your winter grain, 300
Till cold December comes with driving rain.
Linseed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
In a dry season, and prevent the storm.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,
And millet rising from your annual toil, 305
When with his golden horns, in full career
The bull beats down the barriers of the year
And Argo and the Dog forsake the northern sphere.
But, if your care to wheat alone extend
Let Maia with her sisters first descend. 310
And the bright Gnossian diadem downward bend,
Before you trust in earth your future hope;
Or else expect a listless lazy crop.
Some swains have sown before; but most have found
A husky harvest from the grudging ground. 315
Vile vetches would you sow, or lentils lean,
The growth of Egypt, or the kidney bean,

Digitized by Google

Begin when the slow Wagoner descends;
Nor cease your sowing till midwinter ends.
For this, through twelve bright signs Apollo guides 320
The year, and earth in sev'ral climes divides.
Five girdles bind the skies: the torrid zone
Glows with the passing and repassing sun:
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heav'n
To frosts and snows and bitter blasts are given: 325
Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assign'd
Two habitable seats for human kind,
And 'cross their limits, cut a sloping way,
Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway.
Two poles turn round the globe; one seen to rise 330
O'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan skies;
The first sublime in heav'n, the last is whirl'd
Below the regions of the nether world,
Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
And like a winding stream, the Bears divides— 335
The less and greater, who by Fate's decree
Abhor to dive beneath the northern sea.
There, as they say, perpetual night is found
In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
Or, when Aurora leaves our northern sphere, 340
She lights the downward heav'n, and rises there;
And, when on us she breathes the living light,
Red Vesper kindles there the tapers of the night.
From hence uncertain seasons we may know:
And when to reap the grain, and when to sow; 345
Or when to fell the furzes: when 'tis meet
To spread the flying canvass for the fleet.
Observe what stars arise or disappear;
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
But, when cold weather and continu'd rain 350
The lab'ring husband in his house restrain,
Let him forecast his work with timely care:
Which else is huddled, when the skies are fair:
Then let him mark the sheep, or whet the shining share,

Digitized by Google

Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er 355
His sacks, or measure his increasing store,
Or sharpen stakes, or head the forks, or twine
The sallow twigs to tie the straggling vine;
Or wicker baskets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn. 360
No laws, divine or human, can restrain,
From necessary works the lab'ring swain.
E'en holy days and feasts permission yield
To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
To fire the brambles, snare the birds, and steep 365
In wholesome waterfalls the wooly sheep.
And oft the drudging ass is driven, with toil,
To neighb'ring towns with apples and with oil;
Returning, late and laden, home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and handmills for the grain. 370
The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
For labour choose: the fifth be sure to shun;
That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
And arm'd against the skies, the sons of earth.
With mountains pil'd on mountains, thrice they strove
To scale the steepy battlements of Jove;
And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demolish'd work in ruin laid.
The sev'nth is, next the tenth, the best to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine. 380
Then, weavers, stretch your stays upon the weft.
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better done,
Or when the morning dew prevents the sun.
Parch'd meads and stubble mow by Phœbe's light, 385
Which both require the coolness of the night;
For, moisture then abounds, and pearly rains
Descend in silence to refresh the plains.
The wife and husband equally conspire
To work by night, and rake the winter fire: 390
He sharpens torches in the glimm'ring room;
She shoots the flying shuttle through the loom,

Digitized by Google

Or boils in kettles must of wine, and skims,
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims:
And, till the watchful cock awakes the day, 395
She sings to drive the tedious hours away.
But, in warm weather, when the skies are clear,
By daylight reap the product of the year;
And in the sun your golden grain display,
And thrash it out and winnow it by day. 400
Plough naked, swain, and naked sow the land;
For lazy winter numbs the lab'ring hand.
In genial winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for more.
The farmer to full bowls invites his friends, 405
And, what he got with pains, with pleasure spends.
So sailors, when escap'd from stormy seas,
First crown their vessels, then indulge their ease.
Yet that's the proper time to thrash the wood
For mast of oak, your father's homely food; 410
To gather laurel-berries, and the spoil
Of bloody myrtles, and to press your oil:
For stalking cranes to set the guileful snare;
T' inclose the stags in toils, and hunt the hare;
With Balearic slings, or Gnossian bow, 415
To persecute from far the flying doe,
Then, when the fleecy skies new clothe the wood,
And cakes of rustling ice come rolling down the flood.
Now sing we stormy stars, when autumn weighs
The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days, 420
And suns declining shine with feeble rays:
What cares must then attend the toiling swain;
Or when the low'ring spring, with lavish rain,
Beats down the slender stem and bearded grain,
While yet the head is green, or, lightly swell'd 425
With milky moisture, overlooks the field.
E'en when the farmer, now secure of fear,
Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year,
E'en while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands, 430

Digitized by Google

Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies:
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne:
With such a force the flying rack is driv'n. 435
And such a winter wears the face of heav'n.
And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty skies, at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop, and golden labours drown. 440
The dikes are fill'd; and, with a roaring sound,
The rising rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas rebound.
The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds; 445
And, from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry god;
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode: 450
Deep horror seizes ev'ry human breast;
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd,
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
The rocks are from their old foundations rent; 455
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore;
And now the woods, and now the billows, roar.
In fear of this, observe the starry signs,
Where Saturn houses, and where Hermes joins. 460
But first to heav'n thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when cheerful hours
Awake the spring, the spring awakes the flow'rs,
On the green turf thy careless limbs display, 465
And celebrate the mighty Mother's day:
For then the hills with pleasing shades are crown'd,
And sleeps are sweeter on the silken ground:

Digitized by Google

With milder beams the sun serenely shines:
Fat are the lambs, and luscious are the wines. 470
Let ev'ry swain adore her pow'r divine,
And milk and honey mix with sparkling wine:
Let all the choir of clowns attend the show,
In long procession, shouting as they go;
Invoking her to bless their yearly stores, 475
Invoking plenty to their crowded floors.
Thus in the spring, and thus in summer's heat,
Before the sickles touch the rip'ning wheat,
On Ceres call; and let the lab'ring hind
With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind: 480
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.
And that by certain signs we may presage
Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
The sov'reign of the heav'ns has set on high 485
The moon, to mark the changes of the sky;
When southern blasts should ease, and when the swain
Should near their fold his feeding flocks restrain.
For, ere the rising winds begin to roar,
The working seas advance to wash the shore: 490
Soft whispers run along the leafy woods;
And mountains whistle to the murm'ring floods.
E'en then the doubtful billows scarce abstain
From the toss'd vessel on the troubled main;
When crying cormorants forsake the sea, 495
And, stretching to the covert, wing their way;
When sportful coots run skimming o'er the strand;
When watchful herons leave their wat'ry stand,
And, mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the skies, and soar above the sight. 500
And oft, before tempestuous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies,
And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories, and long trails of light;
And chaff with eddy-winds is whirl'd around, 505
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;

Digitized by Google

And floating feathers on the waters play.
But, when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and east and west engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage, 510
The clouds are crush'd: a glut of gather'd rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain;
And sailors furl their dropping sheets amain.
Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise;
So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies. 515
The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
Above the storm, and leaves the lowly vales:
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heaven, and snuffs it in the wind:
The swallow skims the river's wat'ry face: 520
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race:
The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks:
At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood:
Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their food, 525
And, crying, seek the shelter of the wood.
Besides, the sev'ral sorts of wat'ry fowls,
That swim the seas or haunt the standing pools,
The swans that sail along the silver flood,
And dive with stretching necks to search their food, 530
Then lave their backs with sprinkling dews in vain,
And stem the stream to meet the promis'd rain.
The crow with clam'rous cries the show'r demands,
And single stalks along the desert sands.
The nightly virgin, while her wheel she plies 535
Foresees the storm impending in the skies,
When sparkling lamps their sputt'ring light advance,
And in the sockets oily bubbles dance.
Then, after showers, 'tis easy to descry
Returning suns and a serener sky: 540
The stars shine smarter; and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her sharpen'd horns.
The filmy gossamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons bask on the short sunny shore:

Digitized by Google

Their litter is not toss'd by sows unclean; 545
But a blue droughty mist descends upon the plain;
And owls, that mark the setting sun, declare
A star-light evening, and a morning fair.
Tow'ring aloft avenging Nisus flies,
While, dar'd, below the guilty Scylla lies. 550
Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
Swift Nisus follows, and pursues his prey:
Where injured Nisus takes his airy course,
Thence trembling Scylla flies, and shuns his force,
This punishment pursues th' unhappy maid, 555
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid:
Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the settled fair.
Then round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the sun; and, seiz'd with secret joy, 560
When storms are overblown, with food repair
To their forsaken nests, and callow care.
Not that I think their breasts with heav'nly souls
Inspir'd, as man, who destiny controls.
But with the changeful temper of the skies, 565
As rains condense, and sunshine rarifies,
So turn the species in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms and discompos'd by winds
From hence proceeds the bird's harmonious voice;
From hence the cows exult, and frisking lambs rejoice.
Observe the daily circle of the sun,
And the short year of each revolving moon:
By them thou shalt foresee the following day;
Nor shall a starry night thy hopes betray.
When first the moon appears, if then she shrouds 575
Her silver crescent tipp'd with sable clouds,
Conclude she bodes a tempest on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
Or, if her face with fiery flushing glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow. 580
But, four nights old, (for that's the surest sign)
With sharpen'd horns if glorious then she shine,

Digitized by Google

Next day, nor only that, but all the moon,
'Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempests, both by land and sea; 585
And sailors in the port their promis'd vow shall pay.
Above the rest, the sun who never lies,
Foretells the change of weather in the skies:
For, if he rise unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his face, 590
Or if through mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams,
Suspect a drizzling day, with southern rain,
Fatal to fruits and flocks, and promis'd grain.
Or, if Aurora, with half open'd eyes, 595
And a pale sickly cheek, salute the skies,
How shall the vine, with tender leaves, defend
Her teeming clusters, when the storms descend.
When ridgy roofs and tiles can scarce avail
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail? 600
But more than all, the setting sun survey,
When down the steep of heav'n he drives the day:
For oft we find him finishing his race,
With various colours erring on his face.
If fiery red his glowing globe descends, 605
High winds and furious tempests he portends:
But, if his cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his wat'ry hue:
If dusky spots are varied on his brow,
And streak'd with red, a troubled colour show, 610
That sullen mixture shall at once declare
Winds, rain, and storms, and elemental war.
What desp'rate madman then would venture o'er
The frith, or haul his cables from the shore?
But, if with purple rays he brings the light, 615
And a pure heav'n reigns to quiet night,
No rising winds, or falling storms are nigh;
But northern breezes through the forests fly,
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled sky.

Digitized by Google

Th' unerring sun by certain signs declares 620
What the late ev'n or early morn prepares,
And when the south projects a stormy day,
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds away.
The sun reveals the secrets of the sky;
And who dares give the source of light the lie? 625
The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.
He first the fate of Cæsar did foretell,
And pitied Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell;
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light; 630
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
Nature herself stood forth and seconded the sun.
Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd;
And birds obscene, and howling dogs, divin'd. 635
What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails! and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard, in German skies afar,
Of arms and armies, rushing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the solid Alps below, 640
And from their summits shook th' eternal snow:
Pale spectres in the close of night were seen;
And voices heard of more than mortal men,
In silent groves: dumb sheep and oxen spoke;
And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook: 645
The yawning earth disclos'd th' abyss of hell:
The weeping statues did the wars foretell;
And holy sweat from brazen idols fell.
Then, rising in his might, the king of floods
Rush'd through the forest, tore the lofty woods, 650
And, rolling onward, with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and lab'ring hinds away,
Blood sprang from wells; wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the priests affright.
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high, 655
Nor forky light'nings flash'd from such a sullen sky.

Digitized by Google

Red meteors ran across the etherial space;
Stars disappear'd, and comets took their place.
For this th' Emathian plains once more were strow'd
With Roman bodies, and just heav'n thought good
To fatten twice those fields with Roman blood.
Then, after length of time, the lab'ring swains,
Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,
Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
And over empty helmets pass the rake— 665
Amaz'd at antique titles on the stones,
And mighty relics of gigantic bones.
Ye home-born deities of mortal birth!
Thou father Romulus, and mother Earth,
Goddess unmov'd! whose guardian arms extend, 670
O'er Tuscan Tiber's course, and Roman tow'rs defend;
With youthful Cæsar your joint pow'rs engage,
Nor hinder him to save the sinking age.
O! let the blood, already spilt, atone
For the past crimes of curst Laomedon! 675
Heav'n wants thee there: and long the gods, we know,
Have grudg'd thee, Cæsar, to the world below,
Where fraud and rapine right and wrong confound,
Where impious arms from ev'ry part resound,
And monstrous crimes in ev'ry shape are crown'd.
The peaceful peasant to the wars is press'd;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest;
The plain no pasture to the flock affords;
The crooked scythes are straighten'd into swords:
And there Euphrates her soft offspring arms, 680
And here the Rhine rebellows with alarms;
The neighb'ring cities range on sev'ral sides,
Perfidious Mars long plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the wasted world in triumph rides.
So four fierce coursers, starting to the race, 690
Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace;
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threat'ning cries, they fear
But force along the trembling charioteer.

Digitized by Google

GEORGIC. II.

ARGUMENT.

The subject of the following book is planting; in handling of which argument, the poet shows all the different methods of raising trees, describes their variety, and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best, and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy; after which, he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil, prescribes rules for dressing of vines, olives, &c. and concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heav'nly signs;
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of gen'rous vines,
The shady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.
Great father Bacchus! to my song repair; 5
For clust'ring grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee large bunches load the bending vine;
And the last blessings of the year are thine.
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows. 10
Come, strip with me, my god! come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at ev'ry pore.
Some trees their birth to bounteous nature owe;
For some, without the pains of planting, grow.
With osiers thus the banks of brooks abound, 15
Sprung from the wat'ry genius of the ground.
From the same principles gray willows come,
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.

Digitized by Google

But some, from seeds inclos'd in earth arise;
For thus the mastful chestnut mates the skies. 20
Hence rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.
Some from the root a rising wood disclose:
Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows:
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows, 25
Shoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's boughs,
These ways of planting Nature did ordain,
For trees and shrubs, and all the sylvan reign.
Others there are, by late experience found,
Some cut the shoots, and plant in furrow'd ground; 30
Some cover rooted stalks in deeper mould;
Some, cloven-stakes; and (wond'rous to behold!)
Their sharpen'd ends in earth their footing place;
And the dry poles produce a living race;
Some bow their vines, which buried in the plain; 35
Their tops in distant arches rise again.
Others no root require; the lab'rer cuts
Young slips, and in the soil securely puts.
Ev'n stumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head. 40
'Tis usual now an inmate graff to see
With insolence invade a foreign tree:
Thus pears and quinces from the crabtree come;
And thus the ready cornel bears the plum.
Then let the learned gard'ner mark with care 45
The kinds of stocks, and what those kinds will bear;
Explore the nature of each sev'ral tree,
And, known, improve with artful industry;
And let no spot of idle earth be found;
But cultivate the genius of the ground: 50
For open Ismarus will Bacchus please;
Taburnus loves the shade of olive-trees.
The virtues of the sev'ral soils I sing.—
Mæcenas, now thy needful succour bring!
O thou, the better part of my renown, 55
Inspire thy poet, and thy poem crown:

Digitized by Google

Embark with me, while I new tracts explore,
With flying sails and breezes from the shore:
Not that my song in such a scanty space,
So large a subject fully can embrace— 60
Not though I were supplied with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues:
But steer my vessel with a steady hand,
And coast along the shore in sight of land.
Nor will I tire thy patience with a train 65
Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
The trees which of themselves advance in air,
Are barren kinds, but strongly built and fair,
Because the vigour of the native earth
Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth. 70
Yet these, receiving grafts of other kind,
Or thence transplanted, change their savage mind,
Their wildness lose, and, quitting nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art.
The same do trees, that, sprung from barren roots, 75
In open fields transplanted bear their fruits.
For, where they grow, the native energy,
Turns all into the substance of the tree,
Starves and destroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade. 80
The plant that shoots from seed, a sullen tree,
At leisure grows, for late posterity;
The gen'rous flavour lost, the fruits decay,
And savage grapes are made the bird's ignoble prey.
Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame 85
Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.
Well must the ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
New soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
Old stakes of olive trees in plants revive
By the same method Paphian myrtles live: } 90
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
From roots hard hazels, and from cions rise,
Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the skies;

Digitized by Google

Palm, poplar, fir, descending from the steep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep. 95
The thin-leav'd arbute hazel-graffs receives;
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus mastful beech the bristly chestnut bears,
And the wild ash is white with blooming pears.
And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed 100
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.
But various are the ways to change the state
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.
For, where the tender rinds of trees disclose
Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows: 105
Just in that space a narrow slit we make;
Then other buds from bearing trees we take;
Inserted thus the wounded rind we close,
In whose moist womb th' admitted infant grows.
But. when the smoother bole from knots is free, 110
We make a deep incision in the tree.
And in the solid wood the slip inclose;
The batt'ning bastard shoots again and grows;
And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies. 115
The mother plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.
Of vegetable woods are various kinds;
And the same species are of several minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have different forms allow'd; 120
So fun'ral cypress, rising like a shroud.
Fat olive trees of sundry sorts appear,
Of sundry shapes: their unctious berries bear.
Radii long olives, orchites round produce,
And bitter pausia, pounded for the juice. 125
Alcinoüs' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are burgamots and pounder pears.
Nor our Italian vines produce the shape,
Or taste, or flavour of the Lesbian grape.
The Thasian vines in richer soils abound; 130
The Mareotic grow in barren ground.

Digitized by Google

The Psythian grape we dry: Lagean juice
Will stamm'ring tongues and stagg'ring feet produce.
Rath ripe are some, and some of later kind,
Of golden some, and some of purple rind. 135
How shall I praise the Rhœtian grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine?
Th' Arminian many a consulship survives,
And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Thanæus, king of Chian growth: 140
But, for large quantities and lasting, both,
The less Argitis bears the prize away,
The Rhodian, sacred to the solemn day,
In second services is pour'd to Jove,
And best accepted by the gods above. 145
Nor must Bumastus his old honours lose,
In length and largeness like the dugs of cows.
I pass the rest, whose ev'ry race, and name,
And kinds, are less material to my theme;
Which, who would learn, as soon may tell the sands, 150
Driv'n by the western wind on Libyan lands;
Or number, when the blust'ring Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian shores.
Nor ev'ry plant on ev'ry soil will grow:
The sallow loves the wat'ry ground and low; 155
The marshes, alders: Nature seems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild ash's reign;
The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns,
To shores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.
Regard the extremest cultivated coast, 160
From hot Arabia to the Scythian frost:
All sorts of trees their sev'ral countries know;
Black ebon only will in India grow,
And od'rous frankincense on the Sabæan bough.
Balm slowly trickles thro' the bleeding veins 165
Of happy shrubs in Idumæan plains.
The green Egyptian thorn, for med'cine good,
With Æthiops' hoary trees and woolly wood,

Digitized by Google

Let others tell; and how the Seres spin
Their fleecy forests in a slender twine; 170
With mighty trunks of trees on Indian shores,
Whose height above the feather'd arrow soars,
Shot from the toughest bow, and, by the brawn
Of expert archers with vast vigour drawn.
Sharp tasted citrons Median climes produce, 175
(Bitter the rind, but gen'rous is the juice)
A cordial fruit, a present antidote
Against the direful stepdame's deadly draught,
Who, mixing wicked weeds with words impure,
The fate of envied orphans would procure. 180
Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And, did it not a diff'rent scent disclose,
A laurel were: the fragrant flow'r contemn
The stormy wind, tenacious of their stem.
With this, the Medes to lab'ring age bequeath 185
New lungs, and cure the sourness of the breath.
But neither Median woods, (a plenteous land)
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields, 190
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with sweet Italy contend in fame.
No bulls, whose nostrils breathe a living flame,
Have turn'd our turf: no teeth of serpents here
Were sown, an armed host and iron crop to bear. 195
But fruitful vines, and the fat olive's freight,
And harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
The warrior horse, here bred, is taught to train: 200
There flows Clitumnus through the flow'ry plain,
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,
The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.
Perpetual spring our happy climate sees:
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees; 205
And summer suns recede by slow degrees.

Digitized by Google

Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
Nor pois'nous aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd; 210
Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride.
Next add our cities of illustrious name,
Their costly labour, and stupendous frame;
Our forts on steepy hills, that far below 215
See wanton streams in winding valleys flow;
Our twofold seas, that, washing either side,
A rich recruit of foreign stores provide;
Our spacious lakes; thee, Larius, first; and next
Benacus, with tempestuous billows vex'd. 220
Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine lake?
Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
Roars round the structure, and invades the fence.
There, where secure the Julian waters glide, 225
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?
Our quarries deep in earth, were fam'd of old
For veins of silver, and for ore of gold.
Th' inhabitants themselves their country grace:
Hence rose the Marsian and Sabellian race, 230
Strong limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclin'd,
And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind,
And Volcians arm'd with iron-headed darts.
Besides—an offspring of undaunted hearts—
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus, came 235
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name,
And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms,
Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome,
Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home. 240
Hail, sweet Saturnian soil! of fruitful grain
Great parent, greater of illustrious men!
For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days,

Digitized by Google

Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring, 245
And old Ascræan verse in Roman cities sing.
The nature of the sev'ral soils now see
Their strength, their colour, their fertility:
And first for heath, and barren hilly ground,
Where meagre clay and flinty stones abound, 250
Where the poor soil all succour seems to want—
Yet this suffices the Palladian plant.
Undoubted signs of such a soil are found;
For here wild olive-shoots o'erspread the ground,
And heaps of berries strew the fields around. 255
But, where the soil, with fatt'ning moisture fill d,
Is cloth'd with grass, and fruitful to be till'd,
Such as in cheerful vales we view from high,
Which dripping rocks with rolling streams supply,
And feed with ooze; where rising hillocks run 260
In length, and open to the southern sun;
Where fern succeeds, ungrateful to the plough—
That gentle ground to gen'rous grapes allow.
Strong stocks of vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the vats with friendly juice, 265
Such as our priests in golden goblets pour
To gods, the givers of the cheerful hour,
Then when the bloated Tuscan blows his horn,
And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.
If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care, 270
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare,
Then seek Tarentum's lawns, and furthest coast,
Or such a field as hapless Mantua lost,
Where silver swans sail down the wat'ry road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood. 275
There crystal streams perpetual tenor keep,
Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy sheep;
For, what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough, 280
Putrid and loose above, and black below;

Digitized by Google

For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Resembling nature in an easy soil.
No land for seed like this; no fields afford
So large an income to the village lord: 285
No toiling teams from harvest-labour come
So late at night, so heavy-laden home.
The like of forest land is understood,
From whence the surly ploughman grubs the wood,
Which bad for length of ages idle stood. 290
Then birds forsake the ruins of their seat,
And, flying from their nests, their callow young forget.
The coarse lean gravel, on the mountain-sides,
Scarce dewy bev'rage for the bees provides;
Nor chalk nor crumbling stones, the food of snakes, 295
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The soil exhaling clouds of subtile dews,
Imbibing moisture which with ease she spews,
Which rusts not iron, and whose mould is clean,
Well cloth'd with cheerful grass, and ever green, 300
Is good for olives, and aspiring vines,
Embracing husband-elms in am'rous twines;
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to sow,
And equal to the pasture and the plough.
Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields; 305
Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius yields;
And such a country could Acerræ boast,
Till Clanius overflow'd the unhappy coast.
I teach thee next the diff'ring soils to know,
The light for vines, the heavier for the plough. 310
Choose first a place for such a purpose fit:
There dig the solid earth and sink a pit;
Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
And trample with thy feet and tread it in:
Then, if it rise not to the former height 315
Of superfice, conclude that soil is light,
A proper ground for pasturage and vines.
But, if the sullen earth, so press'd, repines

Digitized by Google

Within its native mansion to retire,
And stays without, a heap of heavy mire, 320
'Tis good for arable, a glebe that asks
Tough teams of oxen, and laborious tasks.
  Salt earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plough.
Sweet grapes degen'rate there; and fruits, declin'd 325
From their first flav'rous taste, renounce their kind
This truth by sure experiment is tried:
For first an osier colander provide
Of twigs thick wrought (such toiling peasants twine,
When thro' straight passages they strain their wine:) 330
In this close vessel place that earth accurs'd,
But fill'd brimful with wholesome water first;
Then run it through: the drops will rope around,
And, by the bitter taste, disclose the ground.
The fatter earth by handling we may find, 335
With ease distinguish'd from the meagre kind:
Poor soil will crumble into dust; the rich
Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch:
Moist earth produces corn and grass, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth. 340
Let not my land so large a promise boast,
Lest the rank ears in length of stem be lost.
The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd.
The lighter in the poising hand is weigh'd.
'Tis easy to distinguish by the sight 345
The colour of the soil, and black from white.
But the cold ground is difficult to know;
Yet this the plants, that prosper there, will show—
Black ivy, pitch-trees, and the baleful yew.
These rules consider'd well, with early care 350
The vineyard destin'd for thy vines prepare:
But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
With furrows deep that cast a rising mound.
The clods, expos'd to winter winds, will bake;
For putrid earth will best the vineyards take; 355

Digitized by Google

And hoary frosts, after the painful toil
Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow soil.
  Some peasants, not t' omit the nicest care,
Of the same soil their nursery prepare,
With that of their plantation; lest the tree, 360
Translated, should not with the soil agree.
Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark
The heav'n's four quarters on the tender bark,
And to the north or south restore the side,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide: 365
So strong is custom; such effects can use
In tender souls of pliant plants produce.
  Choose next a province for thy vineyard's reign,
On hills above, or in the lowly plain.
If fertile fields or valleys be thy choice, 370
Plant thick: for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In close plantations there: but if the vine
On rising ground be plac'd, or hills supine,
Extend thy loose battalions largely wide,
Op'ning thy ranks and files on either side, 375
But marshall'd all in order as they stand;
And let no soldier straggle from his band.
As legions in the field their front display,
To try the fortune of some doubtful day,
And move to meet their foes with sober pace, 380
Strict to their figure, though in wider space,
Before the battle joins, while from afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
And equal Mars, like an impartial lord,
Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of sword— 385
So let thy vines in intervals be set,
But not their rural discipline forget:
Indulge their width, and add a roomy space,
That their extremest lines may scarce embrace:
Nor this alone to indulge a vain delight, 390
And make a pleasing prospect for the sight;
But, for the ground itself, this only way,
Can equal vigour to the plants convey,
Which, crowded, want the room, their branches to dis-
[play.

Digitized by Google

How deep they must be planted, wouldst thou know?
In shallow furrows vines securely grow.
Not so the rest of plants; for Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful sov'reignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground,
And, next the lower skies, a bed profound: 400
High as his topmost boughs to heav'n ascend,
So low his roots to hell's dominions tend.
Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrows
His bulky body; but unmov'd he grows:
For length of ages lasts his happy reign; 405
And lives of mortal man contend in vain.
Full in the midst of his own strength he stands,
Stretching his brawny arms, and leafy hands;
His shade protects the plains; his head the hills
commands.
The hurtful hazel in thy vineyard shun; 410
Nor plant it to receive the setting sun;
Nor break the topmost branches from the tree;
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands;
For sparkling fire, from hind's unwary hands, 415
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after spread abroad by raging winds:
For first the smould'ring flame the trunk receives;
Ascending thence, it crackles in the leaves;
At length victorious to the top aspires, 420
Involving all the wood in smoky fires;
But most, when driven by winds, the flaming storm
Of the long files destroys the beauteous form.
In ashes then th' unhappy vineyard lies;
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise; 425
Nor will the wither'd stock be green again;
But the wild olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful plain.
Be not seduc'd with wisdom's empty shows,
To stir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
When winter frosts constrain the field with cold, 430
The fainty root can take no steady hold.

Digitized by Google

But, when the golden spring reveals the year,
And the white bird returns, whom serpents fear,
That season deem the best to plant thy vines:
Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines, 435
Ere heat is quite decay'd or cold begun,
Or Capricorn admits the winter sun.
The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves:
The womb of earth the genial seed receives:
For then Almighty Jove descends, and pours 440
Into his buxom bride his fruitful show'rs;
And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
Her births with kindly juice, and fosters teeming seeds.
Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove.
And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love. 445
Then fields the blades of buried corn disclose;
And, while the balmy western spirit blows;
Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose.
With kindly moisture then the plants abound;
The grass securely springs above the ground; 450
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
And on the faith of the new sun relies.
The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail:
Unhurt by southern show'rs or northern hail,
They spread their gems, the genial warmth to share, 455
And boldy trust their buds in open air.
In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
The world was hatch'd by heaven's imperial king—
In prime of all the year, and holy-days of spring.
Then did the new creation first appear; 460
Nor other was the tenor of the year,
When laughing heav'n did the great birth attend,
And eastern winds their wintry breath suspend:
Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields;
And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds; 465
And golden stars flew up to light the skies;
And man's relentless race from stony quarries rise.
Nor could the tender new creation bear
Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year,

Digitized by Google

But, chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd, 470
The middle temper of the spring requir'd,
When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
And heaven's indulgence brooded on the ground.
For what remains, in depth of earth secure
Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure; 475
And shells and gravel in the ground enclose;
For through their hollow chinks the water flows,
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
And, steaming up, the rising plant renews.
Some husbandmen, of late, have found the way, 480
A hilly heap of stones above to lay,
And press the plants with shards of potter's clay.
This fence against immod'rate rain they found,
Or, when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground,
Be mindful, when thou hast entom'd the shoot, 485
With store of earth around to feed the root;
With iron teeth of rakes and prongs, to move
The crusted earth, and loosen it above.
Then exercise thy sturdy steers to plough
Betwixt thy vines, and teach the feeble row 490
To mount on reeds, and wands, and, upward led,
On ashen poles to raise their forky head.
On these new crutches let them learn to walk,
Till, swerving upwards with a stronger stalk,
They brave the winds, and, clinging to their guide 495
On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
But, in their tender nonage, while they spread
Their springing leaves, and lift their infant head,
And upward while they shoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nurslings spare; 500
Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life:
Nor let thy hand supply the pruning-knife,
And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
To strip the branches of their leafy growth.
But, when the rooted vines, with steady hold, 505
Can clasp their elms, then, husbandmen, be bold

Digitized by Google

To lop the disobedient boughs, that staid
Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim,
And their superfluous growth with rigour tame. 510
Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
Exclude th' encroaching cattle from thy ground,
While yet the tender gems but just appear,
Unable to sustain th' uncertain year;
Whose leaves are not alone foul winter's prey, 515
But oft by summer suns are scorch'd away.
And worse than both, become th' unworthy browse
Of buffaloes, salt goats, and hungry cows.
For not December's frost that burns the boughs,
Nor dog-days' parching heat that splits the rocks, 520
Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks,
Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on the stocks.
For this, the malefactor goat was laid
On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
At Athens thus old comedy began, 525
When round the streets the reeling actors ran,
In country villages, and crossing ways,
Contending for the prizes of their plays;
And, glad with Bacchus, on the grassy soil,
Leap'd o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oil. 530
Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy:
With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience please,
Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees:
In jolly hymns they praise the god of wine, 535
Whose earthen images adorn the pine,
And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine.
A madness so devout the vineyard fills:
In hollow valleys and on rising hills,
On whate'er side he turns his honest face, 540
And dances in the wind, those fields are in his grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue resound his praise.

Digitized by Google

Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought; 545
Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatness from the hazel broach.
To dress thy vines, new labour is requir'd;
Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd:
For thrice at least, in compass of the year, 550
Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer
To turn the glebe, besides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the surface plain,
T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That suck the vital moisture of the vine. 555
Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.
E'en in the lowest months, when storms have shed
From vines the hairy honours of their head.
Not then the grudging hind his labour ends, 560
But to the coming year his care extends.
E'en then the naked vine he persecutes;
His pruning knife at once reforms and cuts.
Be first to dig the ground: be first to burn
The branches lopp'd; and first the props return 565
Into thy house that bore the burden'd vines;
But last to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'ershade
The encumber'd vine; rough brambles twice invade:
Hard labour both!—Commend the large excess 570
Of spacious vineyards; cultivate the less.
Besides, in woods the shrubs of prickly thorn,
Sallows and reeds on banks of rivers borne,
Remain to cut—for vineyards useful found
To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nay, when thy tender trees at length are bound;
When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free
When husbands have survey'd the last degree,
And utmost files of plants, and order'd ev'ry tree
E'en when they sing at ease in full content 580
Insulting o'er the toils they underwent,

Digitized by Google

Yet still they find a future task remain,
To turn the soil, and break the clods again:
And, after all, their joys are insincere
While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear. 585
Quite opposite to these are olives found:
No dressing they require, and dread no wound,
Nor rakes nor harrows need; but fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The soil itself due nourishment supplies: 590
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits arise,
Content with small endeavours, till they spring,
Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty bring:
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas sing.
Thus apple-trees, whose trunks are strong to bear 595
Their spreading boughs, exert themselves in air,
Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
Not trusting foreign forces, but their own,
Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches groan.
Thus trees of nature, and each common bush, 600
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries blush.
Wild shrubs are shorn for browse: the tow'ring height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
And shall we doubt, (indulging easy sloth,)
To sow, to set, and to reform their growth? 605
To leave the lofty plants—the lowly kind
Are for the shepherd or the sheep design'd,
E'en humble broom and osiers have their use,
And shade for sheep, and food for flocks produce;
Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees, 610
Besides the pleasing prospect of the trees.
How goodly looks Cytrous, ever green
With boxen groves! with what delight are seen
Narycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy shade
Seems for retreat of heav'nly Muses made! 615
But much more pleasing are those fields to see,
That need not ploughs, nor human industry.
E'en cold Caucasian rocks with trees are spread,
And wear green forests on their hilly head.

Digitized by Google

Though bending from the blast of eastern storms, 620
Tho' shent their leaves, and shatter'd are their arms,
Yet heav'n their various plants for use designs—
For houses, cedars—and, for shipping, pines—
Cypress provides for spokes and wheels of wains,
And all for keels of ships, that scour the wat'ry plains.
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
The war, from stubborn myrtle, shafts receives—
From cornels, javelins; and the tougher yew
Receives the bending figure of a bow.
Nor box, nor limes without their use are made, 630
Smooth grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade:
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with ease invade.
Light alder stems the Po's impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
Now balance with these gifts, the fumy joys 635
Of wine, attended with eternal noise.
Wine urg'd to lawless lust the Centaurs' train:
Thro' wine they quarrel'd, and thro' wine were slain.
O happy, if he knew his happy state,
The swain, who, free from bus'ness and debate, 640
Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
T' admit the tides of early visitants,
With eager eyes devouring as they pass, 645
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass.
No statues threaten, from high pedestals;
No Persian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic vests, which, through their shady fold,
Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold: 650
He boasts no wool, whose native white is dy'd
With purple poison of Assyrian pride:
No costly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign scents, the sweetness of his oil:
But easy quiet, a secure retreat, 655
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat

Digitized by Google

With home-bred plenty, the rich owner bless;
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys— 660
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide,
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound; 665
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare.
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train;
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane. 670
From hence Astræa took her flight; and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.
Ye sacred Muses! with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd—
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear— 675
Would you your poet's first petition hear;
Give me the ways of wand'ring stars to know,
The depths of heav'n above, and earth below:
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun; 680
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
But, if my heavy blood restrain the flight } 685
Of my free soul, aspiring to the height }
Of nature, and unclouded fields of light— }
My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life—
A country cottage near a crystal flood, 690
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,
Where Bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids,

Digitized by Google

Or lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown,
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down, 695
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.
  Happy the man, who, studying Nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause—
His mind, possessing in a quiet state, 700
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate!
And happy too is he, who decks the bow'rs
Of Sylvans, and adores the rural pow'rs—
Whose mind, unmov'd, the bribes of courts can see,
Their glitt'ring baits, and purple slavery— 705
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown,
Nor, when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will set up one, or pull another down.
  Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults, and descents, and distant war; 710
Nor with a superstitious fear is aw'd,
For what befalls at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the rich their heapy store,
Nor his own peace disturbs with pity for the poor.
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord, 715
The willing ground and laden trees afford,
From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw;
The senate's mad decrees he never saw;
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
Some to the seas, and some to camps, resort, 720
And some with impudence invade the court:
In foreign countries, others seek renown;
With wars and taxes, others waste their own,
And houses burn, and household gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glitt'ring gems enchase, 725
To loll on couches, rich with citron steds,
And lay their guilty limbs on Tyrian beds.
This wretch in earth entombs his golden ore,
Hov'ring and brooding on his buried store.
Some patriot fools to pop'lar praise aspire 730
Of public speeches, which worse fools admire,

Digitized by Google

While, from both benches, with redoubled sounds,
Th' applause of lords and commoners abounds.
Some, through ambition, or through thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, or their country sold, 735
And, leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another sun.
The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallow tills,
And the round year with daily labour fills: 740
And hence the country markets are supplied:
Enough remains for household charge beside,
His wife and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.
Nor cease his labours till the yellow field 745
A full return of bearded harvest yield—
A crop so plenteous, as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
Thus ev'ry several season is employ'd,
Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd. 750
The yeaning ewes prevent the springing year:
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear:
'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Bak'd in the sunshine of ascending fields.
The winter comes; and then the falling mast 755
For greedy swine provides a full repast:
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss;
His little children climbing for a kiss, 760
Welcome their father's late return at night,
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.
His kine with swelling udders ready stand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd 765
Fight harmless battles in his homely yard:
Himself, in rustic pomp, on holy-days
To rural pow'rs a just oblation pays,
And on the green his careless limbs displays.

Digitized by Google

The hearth is in the midst: the herdsmen round 770
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize:
The groom his fellow groom at buts defies,
And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes.
Or, stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil, 775
And watches, with a trip, his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led:
So Remus and his brother god were bred,
From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose;
And this rude life our homely fathers chose. 780
Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
(The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth)
Which now on sev'n high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the world contains.
Ere Saturn's rebel son usurp'd the skies, 785
When beasts were only slain for sacrifice,
While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
Ere sounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman sword,
Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death, 790
The good old god his hunger did assuage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age.
But, over-labour'd with so long a course,
'Tis time to set at ease the smoking horse.

Digitized by Google

GEORGIC. III.

ARGUMENT.

This book begins with the invocation of some rural deities, and a compliment to Augustus: after which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the book, he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse;
And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse,
Amphrysian shepherd! the Lycæan woods,
Arcadia's flow'ry plains, and pleasing floods.
All other themes, that careless minds invite, 5
Are worn with use, unworthy me to write.
Busiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Eurystheus ev'ry reader sees:
Hylas the boy, Latona's erring isle,
And Pelops' iv'ry shoulder, and his toil 10
For fair Hippodame, with all the rest
Of Grecian tales, by poets are express'd.
New ways I must attempt, my grov'ling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
I, first of Romans, shall in triumph come 15
From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home,
With foreign spoils adorn my native place,
And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.

Digitized by Google

Of Parian stone a temple will I raise,
Where the slow Mincius through the valley strays, 20
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
Full in the midst shall mighty Cæsar stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the dome command.
Then I, conspicuous in my Tyrian gown, 25
(Submitting to his godhead my renown)
A hundred coursers from the goal will drive:
The rival chariots in the race shall strive.
All Greece shall flock from far, my games to see:
The whorlbat, and the rapid race, shall be 30
Reserv'd for Cæsar, and ordain'd by me.
Myself, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear.
E'en now methinks the public shouts I hear,
The passing pageants, and the pomps appear.
I to the temple will conduct the crew, 35
The sacrifice, and sacrificers view,
From thence return, attended with my train,
Where the proud theatres disclose the scene,
Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,
And show the triumph which their shame displays. 40
High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
The crowd shall Cæsar's Indian war behold:
The Nile shall flow beneath; and, on the side,
His shatter'd ships on brazen pillars ride.
Next him Niphates, with inverted urn, 45
And dropping sedge, shall his Armenia mourn;
And Asian cities in our triumph borne.
With backward bows the Parthians shall be there,
And, spurring from the fight, confess their fear.
A double wreath shall crown our Cæsar's brows— 50
Two diff'rent trophies, from two diff'rent foes.
Europe with Afric in his fame shall join;
But neither shore his conquests shall confine.
The Parian marble there shall seem to move
In breathing statues, not unworthy Jove, 55

Digitized by Google

Resembling heroes, whose ethereal root
Is Jove himself, and Cæsar is the fruit.
Tros and his race the sculptor shall employ;
And he—the god who built the walls of Troy.
Envy herself at last, grown pale and dumb, 60
(By Cæsar combatted and overcome)
Shall give her hands, and fear the curling snakes
Of lashing Furies, and the burning lakes;
The pains of famish'd Tantalus shall feel,
And Sisyphus that labours up the hill 65
The rolling rock in vain; and curst Ixion's wheel.
Meantime we must pursue the sylvan lands,
(Th' abode of nymphs) untouch'd by former hands:
For such, Mæcenas are thy hard commands.
Without thee, nothing lofty can I sing. 70
Come then, and with thyself, thy genius bring,
With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay:
Cithæron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Täyg'tus, open, and pursue their prey.
High Epidaurus urges on my speed, 75
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horses' breed:
From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound;
For Echo hunts along, and propogates the sound.
A time will come, when my maturer muse,
In Cæsar's wars, a nobler theme shall choose, 80
And through more ages bear my sovereign's praise,
Than have from Tithon past to Cæsar's days.
The gen'rous youth, who studious of the prize,
The race of running coursers multiplies,
Or to the plough the sturdy bullock breeds, 85
May know that from the dam the worth of each proceeds.
The mother-cow must wear a low'ring look,
Sour-headed, strongly neck'd, to bear the yoke.
Her double dew-lap from her chin descends,
And at her knees the pond'rous burden ends. 90
Long are her sides and large; her limbs are great;
Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.

Digitized by Google

Her colour shining black, but fleck'd with white
She tosses from the yoke: provokes the fight:
She rises in her gait, is free from fears, 95
And in her face a bull's resemblance bears:
Her ample forehead with a star is crown'd;
And with her length of tail she sweeps the ground.
The bull's insult at four she may sustain;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain. 100
Six seasons use, but then release the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the lab'ring plough.
Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to the lusty sire:
Watch the quick motions of the frisking tail; 105
Then serve their fury with the rushing male,
Indulging pleasure lest the breed should fail.
In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
But, ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive:
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labour, come, 110
And age, and death's inexorable doom.
Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair
Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care:
Still propagate; for still they fall away
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay. 115
Like diligence requires the courser's race,
In early choice, and for a longer space.
The colt, that for a stallion is design'd,
By sure presages shows his gen'rous kind:
Of able body, sound of limb and wind 20
Upright he walks, on pasterns firm and straight;
His motions easy; prancing in his gait;
The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fe . the trembling wood;
Dauntless at empty noises; lofty neck'd; 125
Sharp-headed, barrel-bellied, broadly back'd;
Brawny his chest, and deep; his colour gray;
For beauty, dappled, or the brightest bay:
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.

Digitized by Google

The fiery courser when he hears from far 130
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears; and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd fight.
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind. 135
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round;
His chine is double; starting with a bound
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow:
He bears his rider headlong on the foe. 140
Such was the steed in Grecian poets fam'd,
Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd:
Such coursers bore to fight the god of Thrace;
And such, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
In such a shape, grim Saturn did restrain 145
His heav'nly limbs, and flow'd with such a mane,
When, half surpris'd, and fearing to be seen,
The lecher gallop'd from his jealous queen,
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain,
And with shrill neighings fill'd the neighb'ring plain.
But, worn with years, when dire diseases come,
Then hide his not ignoble age at home,
In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains;
And gratefully be kind to his remains.
For, when his blood no youthful spirits move, 155
He languishes and labours in his love;
And, when the sprightly seed should swiftly come,
Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
In vain he burns, like hasty stubble fires,
And in himself, his former self requires. 160
His age and courage weigh; nor those alone;
But note his father's virtues and his own:
Observe, if he disdains to yield the prize,
Of loss impatient, proud of victories.
Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start, 165
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart

Digitized by Google

Rush to the race; and panting, scarcely bear
Th' extremes of fev'rish hope and chilling fear;
Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force!
The flying chariot kindles in the course: 170
And now alow, and now aloft they fly,
As borne through air, and seem to touch the sky.
No stop, no stay: but clouds of sand arise,
Spurn'd, and cast backward on the followers' eyes.
The hindmost blows the foam upon the first: 175
Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst.
Bold Ericthonius was the first who join'd
Four horses for the rapid race design'd,
And o'er the dusty wheels presiding sate:
The Lapithæ, to chariots, add the state 180
Of bits and bridles; taught the steed to bound,
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round;
To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know;
T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.
To choose a youthful steed with courage fir'd, 185
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd masters; and in sundry ways,
Their labours equal, and alike their praise.
But, once again, the batter'd horse beware:
The weak old stallion will deceive thy care, 190
Though famous in his youth for force and speed,
Or was of Argos or Epirian breed,
Or did from Neptune's race, or from himself proceed.
These things premis'd, when now the nuptial time
Approaches for the stately steed to climb, 195
With food enable him to make his court;
Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport:
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canst find,
Of gen'rous warmth, and of salacious kind:
Then water him, and (drinking what he can) 200
Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.
Instructed thus, produce him to the fair,
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.

Digitized by Google

For, if the sire be faint, or out of case,
He will be copied in his famish'd race, 205
And sink beneath the pleasing task assign'd
(For all's too little for the craving kind.)
As for the females, with industrious care
Take down their mettle; keep them lean and bare:
When conscious of their past delight, and keen 210
To take the leap, and prove the sport again,
With scanty measure then supply their food;
And, when athirst, restrain them from the flood;
Their bodies harass; sink them when they run;
And fry their melting marrow in the sun. 215
Starve them, when barns beneath their burden groan,
And winnow'd chaff by western winds is blown:
For fear the rankness of the swelling womb
Should scant the passage, and confine the room;
Lest the fat furrows should the sense destroy 220
Of genial lust, and dull the seat of joy.
But let them suck the seed with greedy force,
And close involve the vigour of the horse.
The male has done: thy care must now proceed
To teeming females, and the promis'd breed. 225
First let them run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough.
Let them not leap the ditch, or swim the flood,
Or lumber o'er the meads, or cross the wood;
But range the forest, by the silver side 230
Of some cool stream, where Nature shall provide
Green grass, and fatt'ning clover for their fare,
And mossy caverns for their noontide lair,
With rocks above, to shield the sharp nocturnal air.
About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green, 235
Of winged insects, mighty swarms are seen:
This flying plague (to mark its quality)
Œstros the Grecians call—Asylus, we—
A fierce loud buzzing breeze.—Their stings draw blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood. 240
Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry:
Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.

Digitized by Google

This curse the jealous Juno did invent,
And first employ'd for Iō's punishment.
To shun this ill, the cunning leach ordains, 245
In summer's sultry heats (for then it reigns,)
To feed the females ere the sun arise,
Or late at night, when stars adorn the skies.
When she has calv'd, then set the dam aside,
And for the tender progeny provide. 250
Distinguish all betimes with branding fire,
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the sire;
Whom to reserve for husband for the herd;
Or who shall be to sacrifice preferr'd;
Or whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow, 255
To smooth the furrows, and sustain the plough:
The rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in pastures, and at pleasure feed.
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade. 260
Set him betimes to school; and let him be
Instructed there in rules of husbandry,
While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor bad examples of the world has seen.
Early begin the stubborn child to break; 265
For his soft neck, a supple collar make
Of bending osiers; and (with time and care
Inur'd that easy servitude to bear)
Thy flatt'ring method on the youth pursue:
Join'd with his school-fellows by two and two, 270
Persuade them first to lead an empty wheel,
That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel:
In length of time produce the lab'ring yoke,
And shining shares, that make the furrow smoke.
Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd, 275
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd,
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves, and marshy weed,
But with thy sickle reap the rankest land,
And minister the blade with bounteous hand: 280

Digitized by Google

Nor be with harmful parsimony won
To follow what our homely sires have done,
Who fill'd the pail with beastings of the cow;
But all her udder to the calf allow.
If to the warlike steed thy studies bend, 285
Or for the prize in chariots to contend,
Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
The gen'rous labours of the coursers, first,
Must be with sight of arms and sounds of trumpets nurs'd; 290
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear;
And let him clashing whips in stables hear.
Soothe him with praise, and make him understand
The loud applauses of his master's hand:
This, from his weaning, let him well be taught; 295
And then betimes, in a soft snaffle wrought,
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit,
Untried in arms, and trembling at the bit.
But when to four full springs his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance, 300
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat,
To turn, to bound and measure, and curvet.
Let him to this, with easy pains, be brought,
And seem to labour, when he labours not.
Thus form'd for speed, he challenges the wind, 305
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:
He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins,
And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains;
Like Boreas in his race, when rushing forth,
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north;
The waving harvest bends beneath his blast;
The forest shakes: the groves their honours cast;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
Thus o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horse
Impels the flying car, and wins the course,
Or bred to Belgian wagons, leads the way,
Untir'd at night, and cheerful all the day.

Digitized by Google

When once he's broken, feed him full and high;
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply. 320
Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his stout stomach with his food will grow:
The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and restiff to the reign.
Wouldst thou their courage and their strength improve?
Too soon they must not feel the stings of love.
Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull must wander in the wood,
Behind the mountain or beyond the flood, 330
Or in the stall at home his fodder find,
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast.
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest,
Forsakes his food, and pining for the lass, 335
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass.
The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.
A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred:
The stooping warriors aiming head to head, 340
Engage their clashing horns: with dreadful sound
The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and, pushing, loudly roar:
Their dew-laps and their sides are bath'd in gore.
Nor, when the war is over, is it peace: 345
Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release;
But feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driv'n from his native land to foreign grounds,
He with a gen'rous rage resents his wounds, 350
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And, more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he [lost.
Often he turns his eyes, and, with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms, once his own;
And therefore to repair his strength he tries, 355
Hard'ning his limbs with painful exercise;
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.

Digitized by Google

On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree, 360
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind; his heels the sand excite;
But, when he stands collected in his might,
He roars and promises a more successful fight.
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow, 365
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim the wat'ry war,
And mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky shore. 370
They mate the middle region with their height,
And fall no less than with a mountain's weight,
The waters boil, and, belching, from below
Black sands, as from a forceful engine throw.
Thus ev'ry creature, and of ev'ry kind, 375
The secret joys of sweet coition find.
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame:
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same. 380
'Tis with this rage, the mother-lion stung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young:
Demanding rites of love, she sternly stalks,
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes; 385
In woods, and fields, a wild destruction makes.
Boars whet their tusks; to battle tigers move,
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then wo to him, that, in the desert land
Of Libya, travels o'er the burning sand! 390
The stallion snuffs the well known scent afar,
And snorts and trembles for the distant mare:
Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain;
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:

Digitized by Google

He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns 395
Unruly torrents, and unforded streams.
The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.
The sleepy lecher shuts his little eyes;
About his churning chaps the frothy bubbles rise: 400
He rubs his sides against a tree; prepares
And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.
What did the youth, when Love's unerring dart
Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his watery way he took: 405
About him, and above, the billows broke:
The sluices of the sky were open spread;
And rolling thunder rattled o'er his head.
The raging tempest call'd him back in vain,
And ev'ry boding omen of the main: 410
Nor could his kindred, nor the kindly force
Of weeping parents, change his fatal course;
No, not the dying maid, who must deplore
His floating carcass on the Sestian shore.
I pass the wars that spotted lynxes make 415
With their fierce rivals for the female's sake,
The howling wolves', the mastiffs' am'rous rage;
When e'en the fearful stag dares for his hind engage.
But, far above the rest, the furious mare,
Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair: 420
For, when her pouting vent declares her pain,
She tears the harness, and she rends the rein.
For this, (when Venus gave them rage and pow'r)
Their master's mangled members they devour,
Of love defrauded in their longing hour. 425
For love, they force through thickets of the wood,
They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.
When, at the spring's approach, their marrow burns,
(For with the spring their genial warmth returns)
The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair, 430
And with wide nostrils snuff the western air:

Digitized by Google

When (wond'rous to relate) the parent wind,
Without the stallion propagates the kind.
Then, fir'd with am'rous rage, they take their flight
Thro' plains, and mount the hills' unequal height; 435
Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun
Nor southward to the rainy regions, run,
But boring to the west, and hov'ring there,
With gaping mouths they draw prolific air,
With which impregnate, from their groins they shed, 440
A slimy juice, by false conception bred.
The shepherd knows it well, and calls by name
Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.
This, gather'd in the planetary hour,
With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of pow'r, 445
Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse,
And mix, for deadly draughts, the pois'nous juice.
But time is lost, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleasing path pursue,
Surveying nature with too nice a view. 450
Let this suffice for herds: our following care
Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare.
Nor can I doubt what toil I must bestow,
To raise my subject from a ground so low;
And the mean matter which my theme affords, 455
T' embellish with magnificence of words
But the commanding muse my chariot guides,
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides:
And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take,
But first the way to new discov'ries make. 460
Now, sacred Pales, in a lofty strain
I sing the rural honours of thy reign.
First, with assiduous care, from winter keep,
Well-fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep:
Then spread with straw the bedding of thy fold, 465
With fern beneath, to 'fend the bitter cold:
That free from gnats thou may'st preserve thy care,
And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air.

Digitized by Google

Next let thy goats officiously be nurs'd,
And led to living streams, to quench their thirst, 470
Feed them with winter-browse; and, for their lair,
A cote, that opens to the south, prepare;
Where basking in the sunshine they may lie,
And the short remnants of his heat enjoy.
This during winter's drisly reign be done, 475
Till the new Ram receives the exalted sun:
For hairy goats of equal profit are
With woolly sheep, and ask an equal care.
'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice,
Is dearly sold: but not for needful use: 480
For the salacious goat increases more,
And twice as largely yields her milky store.
The still distended udders never fail,
But, when they seem exhausted, swell the pail.
Meantime the pastor shears their hoary beards, 485
And eases of their hair the loaden herds.
Their cam'lots, warm in tents, the soldier hold,
And shield the shiv'ring mariner from cold.
On shrubs they browse, and, on the bleaky top
Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop. 490
Attended with their bleating kids, they come
At night, unask'd, and mindful of their home;
And scarce their swelling bags the threshold overcome.
So much the more thy diligence bestow
In depth of winter to defend the snow, 495
By how much less the tender helpless kind,
For their own ills, can fit provision find.
Then minister the browse with bounteous hand;
And open let thy stacks all winter stand.
But, when the western winds with vital pow'r 500
Call forth the tender grass and budding flow'r,
Then, at the last, produce in open air
Both flocks; and send them to their summer fare.
Before the sun while Hesperus appears;
First let them sip from herbs the pearly tears 505

Digitized by Google

Of morning dews, and after break their fast
On green-sward ground—a cool and grateful taste.
But, when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
And the sun's sultry heat their thirst renews;
When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain, 510
Then lead them to their watering-troughs again.
In summer's heat, some bending valley find,
Clos'd from the sun, but open to the wind;
Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms extend
In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend, 515
Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To shield them with its venerable shade.
Once more to wat'ring lead; and feed again
When the low sun is sinking to the main,
When rising Cynthia sheds her silver dews, 520
And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews,
When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
And hollow shores the halcyon's voice rebound.
Why should my muse enlarge on Libyan swains,
Their scatter'd cottages, and ample plains, 525
Where oft the flocks without a leader stray,
Or through continu'd deserts take their way,
And, feeding, add the length of night to day?
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor folds, nor hospitable harbour know: 530
Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass,
Allures their eyes: the shepherd last appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears,
His house and household gods, his trade of war, 535
His bow and quiver, and his trusty cur.
Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
Their long laborious marches overcome,
Cheerly their tedious travels undergo,
And pitch their sudden camp before the foe. 540
Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold,
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold,

Digitized by Google

Nor he who treads the bleak Mæotian strand,
Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand.
Early they stall their flocks and herds; for there 545
No grass the fields, no leaves the forests, wear:
The frozen earth lies buried there, below
A hilly heap, sev'n cubits deep in snow:
And all west allies of stormy Boreas blow.
The sun from far peeps with a sickly face, 550
Too weak, the clouds and mighty fogs to chase,
When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd;
And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd, 555
A hostry now for wagons, which before
Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.
The brazen caldrons with the frosts are flaw'd;
The garments, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;
With axes first they cleave the vine; and thence, 560
By weight, the solid portions they dispense.
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are heard.
Meantime, perpetual sleet and driving snow
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below. 565
The starving cattle perish in their stalls;
Huge oxen stand enclos'd in wintry walls
Of snow congeal'd. whole herds are buried there
Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.
The dext'rous huntsmen wounds not these afar 570
With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war
With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight,
But close engages in unequal fight;
And, while they strive in vain to make their way
Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray, 575
Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears,
And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.
The men to subterranean caves retire,
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire:

Digitized by Google

With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load, 580
Nor tempt th' inclemency of heaven abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They pass, to drive the tedious hours away;
And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets cheer
Of windy cider, and of barmy beer. 585
Such are the cold Rhipæan race, and such
The savage Scythian and unwarlike Dutch,
Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear,
The spoils of foxes, and the furry bear.
Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go 590
Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow;
Nor in too rank a pasture let them feed
Then of the purest white select thy breed:
E'en though a snowy ram thou shalt behold,
Prefer him not in haste, for husband to thy fold: 595
But search his mouth; and, if a swarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, lest he darken all the flock;
And substitute another from thy stock.
'Twas thus, with fleeces milky white, (if we 600
May trust report) Pan, god of Arcady,
Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didst thou disdain,
When call'd in woody shades, to cure a lover's pain.
If milk be thy design, with plenteous hand
Bring clover-grass; and from the marshy land 605
Salt herbage for the fodd'ring rack provide,
To fill their bags, and swell the milky tide.
These raise their thirst, and to the taste restore
The savour of the salt, on which they fed before.
Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain, 610
With gags and muzzles their soft mouths restrain.
Their morning milk the peasants press at night;
Their ev'ning meal before the rising light,
To market bear; or sparingly they steep
With seas'ning salt, and stor'd for winter keep. 615
Nor, last, forget thy faithful dogs: but feed
With fatt'ning whey the mastiff's gen'rous breed,

Digitized by Google

And Spartan race, who, for the fold's relief,
Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief,
Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay 620
The mountain-robbers rushing to the prey.
With cries of hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear
Of flying hares, and chase the fallow deer,
Rouse from their desert dens the bristled rage
Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage. 625
With smoke of burning cedar scent thy walls,
And fume with stinking galbanum thy stalls,
With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
To drive the viper's brood and all the venom'd race:
For often, under stalls unmov'd, they lie, 630
Obscure in shades, and shunning heav'n's broad eye:
And snakes, familiar, to the hearth succeed,
Disclose their eggs, and near the chimney breed—
Whether to roofy houses they repair,
Or sun themselves abroad in open air, 635
In all abodes of pestilential kind
To sheep and oxen, and the painful hind.
Take, shepherd, take a plant of stubborn oak,
And labour him with many a sturdy stroke,
Or with hard stones demolish from afar 640
His haughty crest, the seat of all the war;
Invade his hissing throat, and winding spires;
Till, stretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe retires.
He drags his tail, and for his head provides,
And in some secret cranny slowly glides;
But leaves expos'd to blows his back and batter'd sides.
In fair Calabria's woods a snake is bred,
With curling crest, and with advancing head:
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly spotted, burnish'd is his back. 650
While springs are broken, while the southern air,
And dropping heav'ns the moisten'd earth repair,
He lives on standing lakes and trembling bogs,
And fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious frogs:

Digitized by Google

But when, in muddy pools, the water sinks, 655
And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks,
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground,
And, hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide destruction threats. 660
Oh! let not sleep my closing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the secret shade,
When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
And in his summer liv'ry rolls along, 665
Erect, and brandishing his forky tongue,
Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young,
And thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poison for the following year.
The causes and the signs shall next be told, 670
Of ev'ry sickness that infects the fold.
A scabber tetter on their pelts will stick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick,
Or searching frosts have eaten through the skin,
Or burning icicles are lodg'd within: 675
Or, when the fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty veins;
When their defenceless limbs the brambles tear,
Short of their wool, and naked from the shear.
Good shepherds, after shearing, drench their sheep;
And their flock's father (forc'd from high to leap)
Swims down the stream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
Or, from the founts where living sulphur's boil,
They mix a med'cine to foment their limbs, 685
With scum that on the molten silver swims;
Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to these,
Besides the waxen labour of the bees,
And hellebore, and squills deep rooted in the seas.
Receipts abound; but, searching all thy store, 690
The best is still at hand, to lance the sore,

Digitized by Google

And cut the head; for, till the core be found,
The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground,
While, making fruitless moan, the shepherd stands,
And, when the lancing knife requires his hands, 695
Vain help, with idle pray'rs, from heav'n demands.
Deep in their bones when fevers fix their seat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat.
The ready cure to cool the raging pain
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein. 700
This remedy the Scythian shepherds found:
Th' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground,
And Gelons, use it, when for drink and food
They mix their curdled milk with horses' blood.
But, where thou seest a single sheep remain 705
In shades aloof, or couch'd upon the plain,
Or listlessly to crop the tender grass,
Or late to lag behind with truant pace;
Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,
Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread. 710
On winter seas we fewer storms behold,
Than foul diseases that infect the fold.
Nor do those ills on single bodies prey,
But oft'ner bring the nation to decay,
And sweep the present stock and future hope away. 715
A dire example of this truth appears,
When, after such a length of rolling years,
We see the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of scatter'd cots, and yet unpeopled plains,
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shepherds' happy reigns. 720
Here, from the vicious air and sickly skies,
A plague did on the dumb creation rise:
During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
Tame cattle and the beasts of nature slew,
Pois'ning the standing lakes, and pools impure; 725
Nor was the foodful grass in fields secure.
Strange death! for, when the thirsty fire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk,

Digitized by Google

When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, e'en then
A wat'rish humour swell'd and ooz'd again. 730
Converting into bane the kindly juice,
Ordain'd by Nature for a better use.
The victim ox, that was for altars prest,
Trimm'd with white ribbons, and with garlands drest,
Sunk of himself, without the gods' command, 735
Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand.
Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
Th' inspected entrails could no fates foretell:
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise;
But clouds of smould'ring smoke forbad the sacrifice.
Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food forsake,
And render their sweet souls before the plenteous rack.
The fawning dog runs mad; the wheezing swine 745
With coughs is chok'd, and labours from the chine:
The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.
He paws the ground; and on his hanging ears
A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears: 750
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the symptoms of the young disease;
But, in time's process, when his pains increase,
He rolls his mournful eyes: he deeply groans
With patient sobbing, and with manly moans. 755
He heaves for breath; which, from his lungs supplied,
And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring side.
To his rough palate his dry tongue succeeds:
And ropy gore he from his nostrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with success been us'd, 760
And through a horn the gen'rous juice infus'd,
Which, timely taken, op'd his closing jaws,
But, if too late, the patient's death did cause:
For the too vig'rous dose too fiercely wrought,
And added fury to the strength it brought. 765

Digitized by Google

Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own flesh, and feels approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men dispose,
And turn that impious error on our foes!
The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow, 770
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough)
Falls down and dies; and, dying, spews a flood
Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins; 775
With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
And in th' unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
The pining steer no shades of lofty woods,
Nor flow'ry meads, can ease, nor crystal floods
Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decrease; 780
His eyes are settled in a stupid peace;
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deserving toil
To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil? 785
And yet he never supt in solemn state,
(Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate)
Nor day to night luxuriously did join,
Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his bev'rage, homely was his food, 790
The wholesome herbage, and the running flood:
No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright:
His pains by day secur'd his rest at night.
'Twas then that buffaloes, ill pair'd, were seen
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen, 795
For want of oxen; and the lab'ring swain
Scratch'd, with a rake, a furrow for his grain,
And cover'd with his hand, the shallow seed again.
He yokes himself, and up the hilly height
With his own shoulders, draws the wagon's weight. 800
The nightly wolf, that round th' inclosure prowl'd
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold,

Digitized by Google

Tam'd with a sharper pain. The fearful doe,
And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go,
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer foe.
The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcases, are driv'n aground,
And mighty phocæ, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
The viper dead within her hole is found: 810
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed:
To birds their native heav'ns contagious prove:
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above. 815
Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain,
Or trust to physic: physic is their bane.
The learned leeches in despair depart,
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.
Tisiphone let loose from under ground. 820
Majestically pale, now treads the round,
Before her drives Diseases and Affright,
And ev'ry moment rises to the sight,
Aspiring to the skies, encroaching on the light.
The rivers, and their banks, and hills around, 825
With lowings and with dying bleats resound.
At length, she strikes a universal blow:
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horses, fall; and, heap'd on high,
The diff'ring species in confusion lie, 830
Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found
To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground;
For useless to the currier were their hides;
Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean-tides
Be freed from filth; nor could Vulcanian flame 835
The stench abolish, or the savour tame.
Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store,
(Made drunk with pois'nous juice, and stiff with gore)
Or touch the web: but, if the vest they wear
Red blisters rising on their paps appear. 840

Digitized by Google

And flaming carbuncles, and noisome sweat,
And clammy dews, that loathsome lice beget;
'Till the slow-creeping evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his
prey.

Digitized by Google

GEORGIC. IV.

ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raise the subject of each Georgic. In the first, he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second, he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third, he advances to animals: and, in the last, he singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject.

In this Georgic, he shows us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey: how to call them home when they swarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kinds: and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the general diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place he lays down a method of repairing their kind, supposing their whole breed lost; aad gives at large the history of its invention.

THE gifts of heav'n my following song pursues,
Aerial honey, and ambrosial dews.
Mæcenas, read this other part, that sings
Embattl'd squadrons and advent'rous kings—
A mighty pomp, though made of little things. 5
Their arms, their arts, their manners, I disclose,
And how they war, and whence the people rose.
Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
If heav'n assist, and Phœbus hear my call.
First, for thy bees a quiet station find, 10
And lodge them under covert of the wind

Digitized by Google

(For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their evening hive,)
Far from the cows' and goats' insulting crew,
That trample down the flow'rs, and brush the dew. 15
The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away—
The titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood,
And Procne, with her bosom stain'd in blood:
These rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives through the liquid air, } 20
And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare.
But near a living stream their mansion place,
Edg'd round with moss, and tufts of matted grass:
And plant, (the wind's impetuous rage to stop) 25
Wild olive trees, or palms, before the busy shop;
That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
Calls out th' venturous colony to swarm—
When first their way through yielding air they wing,
New to the pleasures of their native spring— 30
The banks of brooks may make a cold retreat
For the raw soldiers from the scalding heat,
And neighb'ring trees with friendly shade invite
The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
Then o'er the running stream or standing lake, 35
A passage for thy weary people make;
With osier floats the standing water strow;
Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow;
That basking in the sun thy bees may lie,
And, resting there their flaggy pinions dry, 40
When, late returning home, the laden host
By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.
Wild thyme and sav'ry set around their cell,
Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell:
Set rows of rosemary with flow'ring stem, 45
And let the purple vi'lets drink the stream.
Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
With twisted osiers, or with barks of trees,

Digitized by Google

Make but a narrow mouth; for as the cold
Congeals into a lump the liquid gold, 50
So 'tis again dissolv'd by summer's heat;
And the sweet labours by extremes defeat.
And therefore not in vain, th' industrious kind
With dauby wax and flow'rs the chinks have lin'd,
And with their stores of gather'd glue, contrive 55
To stop the vents and crannies of their hive.
Not birdlime, or Idæan pitch, produce
A more tenacious mass of clammy juice.
Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
In chambers of their own beneath the ground: 60
Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.
But plaster thou the chinky hives with clay,
And leafy branches o'er their lodgings lay:
Nor place them where too deep a water flows, 65
Or where the yew, their pois'nous neighbour, grows;
Nor roast red crabs, t' offend the niceness of their nose;
Nor near the streaming stench of muddy ground;
Nor hollow rocks that render back the sound,
And double images of voice rebound. 70
For what remains, when golden suns appear,
And under earth have driv'n the winter year,
The winged nation wanders through the skies,
And o'er the plains and shady forest flies:
Then, stooping on the meads and leafy bow'rs, 75
They skim the floods, and sip the purple flow'rs.
Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
Their young succession all their cares employ:
They breed, they brood, instruct, and educate,
And make provision for the future state: 80
They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
They labour honey to sustain their lives.
But when thou seest a swarming cloud arise,
That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the skies,

Digitized by Google

The motions of their hasty flight attend; 85
And know, to floods or woods, their airy march they bend.
Then melfoil be t, and honey-suckles pound;
With these alluring savours strew the ground:
And mix with tinkling brass the cymbal's droning sound.
Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air, 90
The reconcil'd deserter's will repair.
But, if intestine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire strive)
The vulgar in divided factions jar;
And murm'ring sounds proclaim the civil war. 95
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain.
With shouts, the coward's courage they excite,
And martial clangors call them out to fight:
With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds, 100
That imitate the trumpets angry sounds:
Then to their common standards they repair;
The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air;
In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,
And ev'ry knight is proud to prove his worth. 105
Prest for their country's honour, and their kings,
On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed stings,
And exercise their arms, and tremble with their wings.
Full in the midst the haughty monarchs ride;
The trusty guards come up, and close the side; 110
With shouts the daring foe to battle is defied.
Thus, in the season of unclouded spring,
To war they follow their undaunted king,
Crowd through their gates; and, in the fields of light,
The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight. 115
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound;
And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailstones lie not thicker on the plain,
Nor shaken oaks such show'rs of acorns rain.

Digitized by Google

With gorgeous wings, the marks of sovereign sway, 120
The two contending princes make their way;
Intrepid through the midst of danger go,
Their friends encourage and amaze the foe.
With mighty souls in narrow bodies prest,
They challenge, and encounter breast to breast; 125
So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obstinately bent to win or die,
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
Till one prevails—for one can only reign.
Yet all these dreadful deeds, this deadly fray, 130
A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay,
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
When both the chiefs are sunder'd from the fight,
Then to the lawful king restore his right;
And let the wasteful prodigal be slain, 135
That he, who best deserves, alone may reign.
With ease distinguish'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an honest open face:
Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
His royal body shines with specks of gold, 140
And ruddy scales; for empire he design'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
That other looks like nature in disgrace:
Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face,
And like their grisly prince appear his gloomy race. 145
Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train
That long have travell'd through a desert plain,
And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust again.
The better brood, unlike the bastard crew,
Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining hue; 150
Glitt'ring and ardent, though in body less:
From these at pointed seasons, hope to press
Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use,
T' allay the strength and hardness of the wine, 155
And with old Bacchus, new metheglin join.

Digitized by Google

But, when the swarms are eager of their play,
And loathe their empty hives, and idly stray,
Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back. 160
The task is easy—but to clip the wings
Of their high-flying arbitrary kings.
At their command, the people swarm away:
Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.
Sweet gardens, full of saffron flowers, invite 165
The wand'ring gluttons, and retard their flight—
Besides the god obscene, who frights away,
With his lath sword, the thieves and birds of prey,
With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For slips of pine may search the mountain trees, 170
And with wild thyme and sav'ry plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ach with pain;
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.
Now, did I not so near my labours end, } 175
Strike sail, and hast'ning to the harbour tend,
My song to flow'ry gardens might extend—
To teach the vegetable arts to sing,
The Pæstan roses, and their double spring;
How succ'ry drinks the running streams, and how 180
Green beds of parsley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the surface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep—
The late narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bear's foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale: 185
For, where with stately tow'rs Tarentum stands,
And deep Galæsus soaks the yellow sands,
I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,
Lord of few acres, and those barren too,
Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow: } 190
Yet, lab'ring well his little spot of ground,
Some scatt'ring pot-herbs here and there he found,
Which, cultivated with his daily care,
And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.

Digitized by Google

Sometimes white lillies did their leaves afford 195
With wholesome poppy flow'rs, to mend his homely board:
For, late returning home, he supp'd at ease,
And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less:
The little of his own, because his own did please.
To quit his care, he gather'd first of all, 200
In spring the roses, apples in the fall:
And, when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did restrain,
He stripp'd the bear's-foot of its leafy growth,
And, calling western winds, accus'd the spring of sloth.
He therefore first among the swains was found
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And squeeze the comb, with golden liquor crown'd.
His limes were first in flow'rs; his lofty pines,
With friendly shade, secur'd his tender vines. 210
For ev'ry bloom his trees in spring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.
He knew to rank his elms in even rows,
For fruit the grafted pear tree to dispose,
And tame to plums the sourness of the sloes. 215
With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To shade good fellows from the summer's heat,
But, straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
This task, for others afterwards to take.
Describe we next the nature of the bees, 220
Bestow'd by Jove for secret services,
When, by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,
The king of heav'n in Cretan caves they fed.
Of all the race of animals, alone
The bees have common cities of their own, 225
And common sons: beneath one law they live,
And with one common stock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a sev'ral stall:
All is the state's; the state provides for all.
Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain, 230
And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's gain.

Digitized by Google

Some o'er the public magazines preside;
And some are sent new forage to provide.
These drudge in fields abroad; and those at home
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb, 235
With dew, narcissus-leaves, and clammy gum.
To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive;
Some nurse the future nation of the hive;
Sweet honey some condense; some purge the grout;
The rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut: 240
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each others deeds:
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod, 245
New thunder hasten for their angry god,
Subdu'd in fire the stubborn metal lies;
One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies,
And draws and blows reciprocating air:
Others to quench the hissing mass prepare: 250
With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow,
And chime their sounding hammers in a row;
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they strike; huge flakes of flames expire:
With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire. 255
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and such their busy care;
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee—
That in the field; this, in affairs of state 260
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate,
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall:
But, late at night, with weary pinions come
The lab'ring youth, and heavy laden, home. 265
Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies;
The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs:
He spoils the saff'ron flow'rs: he sips the blues
Of vi'lets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.

Digitized by Google

Their toil is common; common is their sleep; 270
They shake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Rush through the city gates without delay;
Nor ends their work but with declining day.
Then, having spent the last remains of light,
They give their bodies due repose at night, 275
When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll them to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep.
'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they stray, 280
When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day;
But near the city walls their wat'ring take,
Nor forage far, but short excursions make.
And as when empty barks on billows float,
With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat; 285
So bees bear gravel stones, whose poising weight
Steers through the whistling winds their steady flight.
But (what's more strange) their modest appetites,
Averse from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.
No lust enervates their heroic mind, 290
Nor wastes their strength on wanton womankind;
But in their mouths reside their genial pow'rs:
They gather children from the leaves and flow'rs.
Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat,
And thus their little citizens create, } 295
And waxen cities build, the palaces of state.
And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
And sink beneath the burdens which they bear:
Such rage of honey in their bosom beats,
And such a zeal they have for flow'ry sweets. 300
Thus, though the race of life they quickly run,
Which in the space of sev'n short years is done:
Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns;
The fortune of the family remains;
And grandsires' grandsires the long list contains. 305
Besides, not Egypt, India, Media, more
With servile awe their idol king adore:

Digitized by Google

While he survives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no divisions rent:
But the great monarch's death dissolves the government. 310
All goes to ruin; they themselves contrive
To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.
The king presides, his subjects' toil surveys,
The servile route their careful Cæsar praise:
Him they extol; they worship him alone; 315
They crowd his levees, and support his throne:
They raise him on their shoulders with a shout;
And, when their sov'reign's quarrel calls them out,
His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die. 320
Induc'd by such examples some have taught
That bees have portion of ethereal thought—
Endu'd with particles of heavenly fires;
For God the whole created mass inspires.
Through heav'n, and earth, and ocean's depth, he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes,
Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beasts, and fowls,
With breath are quicken'd, and attract their souls;
Hence take the forms his prescience did ordain,
And into him at length resolve again. 330
No room is left for death: they mount the sky,
And to their own congenial planets fly.
Now, when thou hast decreed to seize their stores,
And by prerogative to break their doors,
With sprinkled water first the city choke, 335
And then pursue the citizens with smoke.
Two honey-harvests fall in ev'ry year:
First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And, springing upward, spurn the briny seas:
Again, when their affrighted choir surveys 340
The wat'ry Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of storms, and winter wind,
They plunge into the deep and safe protection find.

Digitized by Google

Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault the aggressor's face, 345
And through the purple veins a passage find;
There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind.
  But, if a pinching winter thou foresee,
And wouldst preserve thy famish'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate, 350
And break the waxen walls to save the state.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by stealth;
Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth;
And worms, that shun the light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat; 355
Or lazy drones, without their share of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain;
Or wasps infest the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms;
Or secret moths are there in silence fed; 360
Or spiders in the vault their snary webs have spread.
  The more oppress'd by foes, or famine-pin'd,
The more increase thy care to save the sinking kind:
With greens and flow'rs recruit their empty hives,
And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives. 365
  But, since they share with man one common fate,
In health and sickness, and in turns of state,—
Observe the symptoms. When they fall away,
And languish with insensible decay,
They change their hue; with haggard eyes they stare;
Lean are their looks, and shagged is their hair:
And crowds of dead, that never must return
To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are borne:
Their friends attend the hearse; the next relations mourn.
The sick, for air, before the portal gasp, 375
Their feeble legs within each other clasp,
Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, and listless of their gain.
Soft whispers then, and broken sounds, are heard,
As when the woods by gentle winds are stirr'd; 380

Digitized by Google

Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This when thou seest galbanean odours use,
And honey in the sickly hive infuse.
Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood, 385
T' invite the people to their wonted food.
Mix it with thicken'd juice of sodden wines,
And raisins from the grapes of Psythian vines:
To these add pounded galls, and roses dry,
And, with Cecropian thyme, strong-scented centaury. 390
A flow'r there is, that grows in meadow-ground,
Amellus call'd, and easy to be found;
For, from one root, the rising stem bestows
A wood of leaves, and vi'let purple boughs:
The flow'r itself is glorious to behold, 395
And shines on altars like refulgent gold—
Sharp to the taste—by shepherds near the stream
Of Mella found; and thence they gave the name.
Boil this restoring root in gen'rous wine,
And set beside the door, the sickly stock to dine. 400
But, if the lab'ring kind be wholly lost,
And not to be retriev'd with care or cost;
'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art
Th' Arcadian master did of old impart;
And how he stock'd his empty hives again, 405
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.
An ancient legend I prepare to sing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal spring;
For, where with sevenfold horns mysterious Nile
Surrounds the skirts of Egypt's fruitful isle, 410
And where in pomp the sunburnt people ride,
On painted barges o'er the teeming tide,
Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the soil with slime, and black prolific sands—
That length of region, and large tract of ground, 415
In this one art a sure relief have found.

Digitized by Google

First, in a place, by nature close, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that strike
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique. 420
A steer of two years old they take, whose head
Now first with burnish'd horns begins to spread:
They stop his nostrils while he strives in vain
To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain
Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels bruis'd within, 425
Betray no wound on his unbroken skin.
Extended thus, in this obscene abode
They leave the beast; but first sweet flow'rs are strow'd
Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleasing cassia just renew'd in prime. 430
This must be done ere spring makes equal day,
When western winds on curling waters play:
Ere painted meads produce their flow'ry crops,
Or swallows twitter on the chimney tops.
The tainted blood, in this close prison pent, 435
Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.
Then (wond'rous to behold) new creatures rise,
A moving mass at first, and short of thighs;
Til shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings, 440
And, more and more affecting air, they try
Their tender pinions, and begin to fly:
At length, like summer storms from spreading clouds,
That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods—
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows, 445
When from afar they gall embattled foes—
With such a tempest through the skies they steer;
And such a form the winged squadrons bear.
What god, O Muse! this useful science taught?
Or by what man's experience was it brought? 450
Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled—
His bees with famine or diseases dead:—
On Peneus' banks he stood, and near his holy head;

Digitized by Google

And, while his falling tears the stream supply'd,
Thus, mourning to his mother goddess cried: 455
"Mother Cyrene! mother, whose abode
Is in the depth of this immortal flood!
What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I spring
The third, by him and thee, from heav'n's high king?
O! where is all thy boasted pity gone, 460
And promise of the skies to thy deluded son?
Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create,
Odious to gods, and borne to bitter fate?
Whom scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful plough,
The needful aids of human life allow:
So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou!
Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn;
Root up my trees; with blights destroy my corn;
My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn.
Let loose thy rage, let all thy spite be shown; 470
Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son."
But, from her mossy bow'r below the ground,
His careful mother heard the plaintive sound—
Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round.
One common work they ply'd; their distaffs full 475
With carded locks of blue Milesian wool.
Spio, with Drymo brown, and Xantho fair,
Add sweet Phyllodoce with long dishevell'd hair;
Cydippe with Lycorias, one a maid,
And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid 480
Clio and Beroe, from one father both;
Both girt with gold, and clad in particolour'd cloth;
Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud;
Nisæa lofty, with Ligea loud;
Thalia joyous, Ephyre the sad, 485
And Arethusa, once Diana's maid,
But now (her quiver left) to love betray'd.
To these Clymene the sweet theft declares
Of Mars; and Vulcan's unavailing cares;
And all the rapes of gods, and ev'ry love, 490
From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove:

Digitized by Google

Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.
A mournful sound again the mother hears;
Again the mournful sound invades the sisters' ears. 495
Starting at once from their green seats, they rise—
Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes.
But Arethusa, leaping from her bed,
First lifts above the waves her beauteous head,
And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene said: 500
"O sister, not with causeless fear possest!
No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast,
'Tis Aristæus, 'tis thy darling son,
Who to his careless mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal stream he sadly stands, 505
With downcast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands.
Upbraiding heav'n from whence his lineage came,
And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name."
Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
Cries out, "Conduct my son, conduct him here: 510
'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
To view the secrets of our deep abodes."
At once she wav'd her hand on either side;
At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand, 515
And leave a space betwixt, of empty sand.
Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother's wat'ry palace leads.
With wond'ring eyes he views the secret store
Of lakes, that, pent in hollow caverns, roar; 520
He hears the crackling sounds of coral woods,
And sees the secret source of subterranean floods;
And where, distinguish'd in their sev'ral cells,
The fount of Phasis, and of Lycus, dwells;
Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears, 525
And Tyber his majestic forehead rears;
Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis profound
Breaks thro' th' opposing rocks with raging sound;

Digitized by Google

Where Po first issues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods: 530
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears:
With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.
Now, to the court arriv'd, th' admiring son 535
Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory stone,
Now to his mother goddess tells his grief,
Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.
Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
With water drawn from their perpetual spring, 540
From earthly dregs his body purify,
And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry;
Then load the tables with a lib'ral feast,
And honour with full bowls their friendly guest.
The sacred altars are involv'd in smoke; 545
And the bright choir their kindred gods invoke.
Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
Then thus: "Let these be pour'd, with rites divine,
To the great authors of our wat'ry line—
To father Ocean, this; and this," she said. 550
"Be to the nymphs his sacred sisters paid,
Who rule the wat'ry plains, and hold the woodland shade."
She sprinkled thrice, with wine, the Vestal-fire;
Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.
Rais'd with so blest an omen, she begun, 555
With words like these, to cheer her drooping son
"In the Carpathian bottom, makes abode
The shepherd of the seas, a prophet and a god.
High o'er the main in wat'ry pomp he rides,
His azure car and finny coursers guides— 560
Proteus his name.—To his Pallenian port
I see from far the weary god resort.
Him, not alone, we river gods adore,
But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.

Digitized by Google

With sure foresight, and with unerring doom, 565
He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
His scaly flocks, that graze the wat'ry deep.
Implore his aid; for Proteus only knows
The secret cause, and cure, of all thy woes. 570
But first the wily wizard must be caught;
For, unconstrain'd, he nothing tells for nought;
Nor is with pray'rs, or bribes, or flattery bought.
Surprise him first, and with hard fetters bind;
Then all his frauds will vanish into wind. 575
I will myself conduct thee on thy way,
When next the southing sun inflames the day,
When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
And sheep, in shades, avoid the parching plain;
Then will I lead thee to his secret seat, 580
When, weary with his toil, and scorch'd with heat,
The wayward sire frequents his cool retreat.
His eyes with heavy slumber overcast—
With force invade his limbs, and bind him fast.
Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold: 585
The slipp'ry god will try to loose his hold,
And various forms assume, to cheat thy sight,
And with vain images of beasts affright;
With foamy tusks, he seems a bristly boar,
Or imitates the lion's angry roar; 590
Breaks out in crackling flames to shun thy snares,
Hisses a dragon, or a tiger stares;
Or with a wile thy caution to betray,
In fleeting streams attempts to slide away.
But thou, the more he varies forms, beware 595
To strain his fetters with a stricter care,
Till, tiring all his arts, he turns again
To his true shape, in which he first was seen."
This said, with nectar she her son anoints;
Infusing vigour through his mortal joints: 600
Down from his head the liquid odours ran;
He breath'd of heav'n, and look'd above a man.

Digitized by Google

Within a mountain's hollow womb, there lies
A large recess conceal'd from human eyes,
Where heaps of billows, driv'n by wind and tide,
In form of war their wat'ry ranks divide,
And there like centries set, without the mouth abide:
A station safe for ships, when tempests roar,
A silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.
Secure within resides the various god, 610
And draws a rock upon his dark abode.
Hither with silent steps, secure from sight,
The goddess guides her son, and turns him from the light:
Herself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.
'Twas noon; the sultry Dog-star from the sky 615
Scorch'd Indian swains; the rivel'd grass was dry;
The sun with flaming arrows pierc'd the flood,
And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud;
When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves. 620
His finny flocks about their shepherd play,
And, rolling round him spurt the bitter sea:
Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze,
Then in the shady covert seek repose.
Himself, their herdsman, on the middle mount, 625
Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.
So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom
Surveys his evening flocks returning home,
When lowing calves and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prowling wolf to nightly war. 630
Th' occasion offers, and the youth complies;
For scarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
When, rushing on with shouts, he binds in chains
The drowsy prophet, and his limbs constrains.
He, not unmindful of his usual art, 635
First in dissembled fire attempts to part:
Then roaring beasts, and running streams, he tries
And wearies all his miracles of lies:

Digitized by Google

But, having shifted ev'ry form to 'scape,
Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape, 640
And thus, at length, in human accent spoke:
"Audacious youth! what madness could provoke
A mortal man t' invade a sleeping god?
What bus'ness brought thee to my dark abode?"
To this th' audacious youth: "Thou know'st full well
My name and bus'ness, god; nor need I tell.
No man can Proteus cheat: but, Proteus, leave
Thy fraudful arts, and do not thou deceive.
Following the gods' command I come t' implore
Thy help, my perish'd people to restore." 650
The seer, who could not yet his wrath assuage,
Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkled with his rage,
And gnash'd his teeth, and cried, "no vulgar god
Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward, 655
And Orpheus' dying prayers at length are heard.
For crimes, not his, the lover lost his life,
And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife:
Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou 'scape
The just revenge of that intended rape. 660
To shun thy lawless lust the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's side,
Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
That kept the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear 665
With loud laments, and break the yielding air:
The realms of Mars remurmur all around,
And echoes to th' Athenian shores rebound.
Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore 670
And sought his mournful mind with music to restore.
On thee, dear wife, in deserts all alone,
He call'd, sigh'd, sung: his griefs with day begun,
Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun,

Digitized by Google

E'en to the dark dominions of the night 675
He took his way, through forests void of light,
And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
And stood before th' inexorable king
Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
And, list'ning, crowd the sweet musician's side— 680
(Not flocks of birds when driv'n by storms or night,
Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight—)
Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarried maid,
The mighty hero's more majestic shade,
And youths on funeral piles before their parents laid.
All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds;
And baleful Styx encompasses around,
With nine slow circling streams, th' unhappy ground.
E'en from the depths of hell the damn'd advance; 690
Th' infernal mansions, nodding seem to dance;
The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl:
The Furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl;
Ixion seems no more his pain to feel,
But leans attentive on his standing wheel. 695
All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
In safety goes, with her melodious guide,
Longing the common light again to share,
And draw the vital breath of upper air—
He first, and close behind him follow'd she; 700
For such was Proserpine's severe decree—
When strong desires th' impatient youth invade,
By little caution and much love betray'd:
A fault, which easy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive; 705
For, near the confines of etherial light,
And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight,
Th' unwary lover casts his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law nor master of his mind.
Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke; 710
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.

Digitized by Google

Three flashes of blue lightning gave the sign
Of cov'nants broke; three peals of thunder join.
Then thus the bride: 'what fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me? 715
Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
An iron slumber shuts my swimming eyes.
And now farewell! involv'd in shades of night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands, to join 720
In sweet embraces—ah! no longer thine!"
She said; and from his eyes the fleeting fair
Retir'd like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air,
And left the hopeless lover in despair.
In vain, with folding arms, the youth essay'd 725
To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade:
He prays; he raves. all means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise:
But she return'd no more, to bless his longing eyes.
Nor would th' infernal ferrymen once more, 730
Be brib'd to waft him to the farther shore.
What should he do, who twice had lost his love?
What notes invent? what new petitions move?
Her soul already was consign'd to fate,
And shiv'ring in the leaky sculler sate. 735
For sev'n continu'd months, if fame say true,
The wretched swain his sorrow did renew:
By Strymon's freezing streams he sat alone:
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs: 740
Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning tongues.
So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone,
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,
By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence. 745
But she supplies the night with mournful strains;
And melancholy music fills the plains.

Digitized by Google

Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
Averse from Venus, and from nuptial joys.
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone 750
Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never known;
He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,
And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.
The Thracian matrons—who the youth accus'd
Of love disdain'd, and marriage rites refus'd— 755
With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
At length against his sacred life conspir'd.
Whom e'en the savage beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,
And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field.
Then, when his head, from his fair shoulders torn, 760
Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne,
E'en then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride;
With his last voice, 'Eurydice,' he cried.
'Eurydice,' the rocks and river-banks replied."
This answer Proteus gave: no more he said, 765
But in the billows plung'd his hoary head;
And, where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely spread.
The nymph return'd her drooping son to cheer,
And bid him banish his superfluous fear:
"For now," said she, "the cause is known, from whence
Thy wo succeeded, and for what offence
The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy maid,
This punishment upon thy crimes have laid;
And sent a plague among thy thriving bees.
With vows and suppliant pray'rs their pow'rs appease;
The soft Napæan race will soon repent
Their anger, and remit the punishment.
The secret in an easy method lies;
Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,
Which on Lycæus graze without a guide; 780
Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untried,
For these, four altars in their temple rear,
And then adore the woodland pow'rs with pray'r.

Digitized by Google

From the slain victims pour the streaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the shady wood: 785
Nine mornings thence, L thæan poppy bring,
T' appease the manes of the poet's king:
And, to propitiate his offended bride,
A fatted calf and a black ewe provide:
This finish'd, to the former woods repair." 790
His mother's precepts he performs with care;
The temple visits, and adores with pray'r;
Four altars raises; from his herd he culls,
For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls:
Four heifers from his female store he took, 795
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke,
Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and pray'rs,
The pow'rs aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for, from within
The broken bowels and the bloated skin, 800
A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms:
Straight issue through the sides assembling swarms.
Dark as a cloud, they make a wheeling flight,
Then on a neighb'ring tree, descending, light:
Like a large cluster of black grapes they show, 805
And make a large dependance from the bough.
Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
And of the waxen work of lab'ring bees;
While mighty Cæsar, thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war; 810
With conq'ring arts asserts his country's cause,
With arts of peace the willing people draws;
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heav'n pursues;
While I at Naples pass my peaceful days, 815
Affecting studies of less noisy praise;
And, bold through youth, beneath the beechen shade,
The lays of shepherds, and their loves have play'd.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

ÆNEIS

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a seven years' voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at the request of Juno. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Æneas, with his own ship and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

ARMS, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by Fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.
Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won 5
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town;
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line,
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome. 10

Digitized by Google

O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate
For what offence the queen of heav'n began
To persecute so brave, so just a man.
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares, 15
Expos'd to wants, and hurried into wars!
Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human wo?
Against the Tyber's mouth, but far away
An ancient town was seated on the sea— 20
A Tyrian colony—the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:
Carthage the name—belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot; here if heav'n were kind 25
The seat of awful empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky)
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface; 30
Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'reign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late,
For conqu'ring Greece, against the Trojan state. 35
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind:
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd;
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed, 40
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cause alone; and all combin'd;
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host: 45
And sev'n long years th' unhappy wand'ring train
Were toss'd by storms, and scarter'd thro' the main.

Digitized by Google

Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for so vast a frame.
  Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars, 50
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the wat'ry reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, lab'ring still with endless discontent,
The queen of heav'n did thus her fury vent— 55
  "Then am I vanquish'd? must I yield?" said she:
"And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So fate will have it; and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my pow'r divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen, 60
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw;
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep: 65
Then—as an eagle gripes the trembling game—
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,
She strongly seiz'd, and, with a burning wound
Transfix'd, and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above, 70
The majesty of heav'n, the sister-wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!
What nations now to Juno's pow'r will pray,
Or off'rings on my slighted altars lay?" 75
  Thus rag'd the goddess; and with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought,
Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,
With pow'r imperial curbs the struggling winds, 80
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.
This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.
High in his hall th' undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands; 85

Digitized by Google

Which he did not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way;
Earth, air, and seas, thro' empty space would roll,
And heav'n would fly before the driving soul.
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with mountain loads; 90
Impos'd a king with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay;
To whom the suppliant queen her pray'rs address'd, 95
And thus the tenor of her suit express'd,
"O, Æolus!—for to thee the king of heav'n
The pow'r of tempests and of winds has giv'n;
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smoothe the waves, or swell the troubled main—
A race of wand'ring slaves, abhor'd by me
With prosp'rous passage cut the Tuscan sea:
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And, for their vanquish'd gods, design new temples there.
Raise all thy winds, with night involve the skies; 105
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
Twice sev'n, the charming daughters of the main,
"Around my person wait, and bear my train:"
Succeed my wish, and second my design,
The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine,
And make thee father of a happy line." 110
To this the god—"'Tis yours, O queen! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand: 115
Yours is my sov'reign's grace; and, as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast.
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
Disp se of empire, which I hold from you."
He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side 120
His quiv'ring spear, and all the god applied.

Digitized by Google

The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground;
Then settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep. 125
South, east, and west, with mix'd confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack: the sailors fearful cries
Ascend: and sable night involves the skies;
And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their eyes. 130
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears;
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief, 135
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief;
And "Thrice and four times happy those," he cried,
"That under Ilian walls, before their parents, died!
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train!
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain, 140
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields,
Where Simoïs rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear? 145
Thus, while the pious prince his fate bewails.
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets: the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies:
Nor can the shiv'ring oars sustain the blow; 150
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow;
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast, 155
Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailors knew;
They call'd them altars, when they rose in view,
And show'd their spacious backs above the flood.
Three more fierce Eurus, in his angry mood.

Digitized by Google

Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand, 160
And in the mid ocean left them moor'd a-land.
Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight) e'en in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne:
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn, 165
Was headlong hurl'd: thrice round the ship was toss'd,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost;
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way, 170
And suck'd thro' loosen'd planks the rushing sea.
Ilioneus was her chief. Aletes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not less: their ships with gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny streams. 175
Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground.
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
He rear d his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty,—then roll'd his eyes 180
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wint'ry heav'n oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts pursue. 185
He summon'd Eurus and the Western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast,
Then thus rebuk' . —" Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence!
Is it for you to ravage seas and land, 190
Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I—but first 'tis fit the billows to restrain:
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence, to your lord my royal mandate bear— 195
The realms of ocean and the fields of air

Digitized by Google

Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd:
There let him reign, the jailor of the wind, 200
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall."
He spoke, and while he spoke, he smoothed the sea,
Dispell'd the darkness and restor'd the day.
Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train 205
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands:
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands;
Then heaves them off the shoals.—Where'er he guides
His finny coursers, and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides.
As when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly, 215
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear:
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood: 220
So, when the father of the flood appears,
And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,
Their fury falls: he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd reins,
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains. 225
The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.
Within a long recess there lies a bay:
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride: 230
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide,

Digitized by Google

Betwixt two rows of rocks: a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats, 235
To rest the Nereïds, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls,
The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls.
No halsers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear. 240
Sev'n ships within this happy harbour meet,
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet,
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcom'd land, and seek their wish'd repose.
First, good Achates, with repeated strokes 245
Of clashing flints, their hidden fires provokes
Short flame succeeds: a bed of wither'd leaves
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies. 250
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground.
Some dry their corn, infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow, 255
And takes a prospect of the seas below,
If Capys thence, or Antheus, he could spy,
Or see the streamers of Caïcus fly.
No vessels were in view, but on the plain,
Three beamy stags command a lordly train 260
Of branching heads: the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
He stood; and while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver and the trusty bow
Achates us'd to bear: the leaders first 265
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the sev'n ships, he made an equal share,
And to the port return'd triumphant from the war. 270

Digitized by Google

The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes' gift,
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroach, and for the feast prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief 275
With cheerful words allay'd the common grief:—
"Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon dispose,
To future good, our past and present woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have tried;
Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defied. 280
What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
Resume your courage, and dismiss your care.
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.
Through various hazards and events, we move 285
To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,
Endure the hardships of your present state;
Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate." 290
These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;
His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste.
Some strip the skin; some portion out the spoil; } 295
The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil;
Some on the fire, the reeking entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine,
Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends 300
The doubtful fortune of their absent friends:
Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
Whether to deem them dead or in distress.
Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state 305
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.—
The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus;

Digitized by Google

When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas:
At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes— 310
Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,
Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke:—
"O king of gods and men! whose awful hand
Disperses thunder on the seas and land; 315
Disposes all with absolute command;
How could my pious son thy pow'r incense?
Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offence?
Our hope of Italy not only lost,
On various seas by various tempests toss'd, 320
But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd from ev'ry coast.
You promis'd once a progeny divine,
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
In after-times should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law. 325
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war?
Then fates to fates I could oppose: but now,
When Fortune still pursues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worse can still succeed? 330
What end of labours has your will decreed?
Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,
Where rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame.
But we, descended from your sacred line, 340
Entitled to your heav'n, and rites divine,
Are banish'd earth, and, for the wrath of one,
Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd throne.
Are these our sceptres? these our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"

Digitized by Google

To whom the father of th' immortal race,
Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds and clears the skies,
First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies—
"Daughter, dismiss thy fears: to thy desire, 350
The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.
Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls;
And, ripe for heav'n, when Fate Æneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me:
No counsels have revers'd my firm decree. 355
And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of Fate:
Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war,
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field, 360
And sov'reign laws impose, and cities build,
Till, after ev'ry foe subdu'd, the sun
Thrice though the signs his annual race shall run:
This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
Now call'd Iülus, shall begin his reign, 365
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
And, with hard labour, Alba-longa build.—
The throne with his succession shall be fill'd,
Three hundred circuits more: than shall be seen 370
Ilia, the fair, a priestess and a queen,
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:
Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain, 375
Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
E'en haughty Juno, who, with endless broils, 380
Earth, seas, and heav'n, and Jove himself, turmoils,
At length aton'd, her friendly pow'r shall join,
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.

Digitized by Google

The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown. 385
An age is rip'ning in revolving fate,
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,
And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise, 390
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies,
Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with eastern spoils;
Our heav'n, the just reward of human toils,
Securely shall repay with rites divine;
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine. 395
Then dire debate, and impious war, shall cease,
And the stern age be soften'd into peace:
Then banish'd faith shall once again return,
And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn;
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain 400
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains: 405
High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms."
He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the punic land
To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate, 410
The queen might force them from her town and state.
Down from the steep of heav'n Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
Performs his message, and displays his rod. 415
The surly murmurs of the people cease;
And, as the Fates requir'd, they give the peace.
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws.
The Trojans pity, and protect their cause.
Meantime in shades of night Æneas lies: 420
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.

Digitized by Google

But, when the sun restor'd the cheerful day,
He rose the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more.—
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore: 425
But, whether human kind, or beasts alone,
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleets he hides:
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides:
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides. 430
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends;
And true Achatès on his steps attends.
Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eye his goddess mother stood—
A huntress in her habit and her mien: 435
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind:
Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver hung behind.
She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood: 440
With such array Harpalyce bestrode
Her Thracian courser, and out-stripp'd the rapid flood.
"Ho! strangers! have you lately seen," she said,
"One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd? 445
A painted quiver at her back she bore;
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;
And at full cry pursu'd the tusky boar."
Thus Venus: thus her son replied again:
"None of your sisters have we heard or seen, 450
O virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that style—O, more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train, 455
Let not a humble suppliant sue in vain:
But tell a stranger long in tempests tost,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?

Digitized by Google

Then on your names shall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall."—
"I dare not," she replied, assume the name
Of goddess, or celestial honours claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are—
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The rising city, which from far you see,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
Who fled from Tyre to shun her brother's hate.
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate;
Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known
For wealth, and brother to the punic throne,
Possess'd fair Dido's bed; and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd—
One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensu'd, and cursed gold the cause.
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.
Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coin'd,
To sooth his sister, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears,
Of her unhappy lord: the spectre stares,
And, with erected eyes, his bosom bares.
The cruel altars, and his fate, he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals,
Then warns the widow, and her household gods,
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her, in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasures lay.
Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight:

Digitized by Google

They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind. 500
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosp'rous winds: a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driv'n,
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by heav'n;
At last they landed, where from far your eyes 505
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;
There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa call'd
From the bull's hide) they first enclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What seek you, strangers on our Libyan earth?" 510
To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
"Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate,
Though such a train of woes if I should run, 515
The day would sooner than the tale, be done.
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came—
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.
On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coast. 520
The good Æneas am I call'd—a name,
While Fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame.
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescu'd from our foes.
To fruitful Italy my course was bent; 525
And from the king of heav'n is my descent.
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
Scarce sev'n, the thin remainders of my fleet,
From storms preserv'd, within your harbour meet. 530
Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
In Libyan deserts wander thus alone."

Digitized by Google

His tender parent could no longer bear,
But, interposing, sought to sooth his care. 535
"Whoe'er you are—not unbelov'd by heav'n,
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driv'n—
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
And to the queen expose your just request.
Now take this earnest of success for more; 540
Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free;
Or I renounce my skill in augury.
Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
And stoop with closing pinions from above; 545
Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,
And through the clouds pursu'd the scatt'ring throng
Now all united in a goodly team,
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream:
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings, 550
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;
Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
No more advice is needful, but pursue
The path before you, and the town in view." 555
Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair,
Which flowing from her shoulders reach'd the ground,
And widely spread ambrosial scents around.
In length of train descends her sweeping gown; 560
And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is known.
The prince pursu'd the parting deity
With words like these: "Ah! whither do you fly?
Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun; 565
Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in accents not your own."
Against the goddess these complaints he made,
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
They march obscure; for Venus kindly shrouds, 570
With mists, their persons, and involves in clouds,

Digitized by Google

That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime,
To visit Paphos, and her native clime, 575
Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with solemn pray'r:
A hundred altars in her temple smoke:
A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r invoke.
They climb the next ascent, and, looking down, 580
Now at a nearer distance view the town.
The prince with wonder, sees the stately tow'rs,
(Which late were huts, and shepherds' homely bow'rs)
The gates and streets; and hears, from ev'ry part,
The noise and busy concourse of the mart. 585
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labour; some extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.
Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground, 590
Which, first design'd, with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain; and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre, 595
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains,
When winter past, and summer scarce begun, 600
Invites them forth to labour in the sun:
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense:
Some at the gates stand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve: 605
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones, from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.

Digitized by Google

"Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise!" 610
Æneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty tow'rs: then ent'ring at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds, (prodigious to relate)
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along. 615
Full in the centre of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood:
The Tyrians, landing near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosp'rous omen found:
From under earth a coursers head they drew, 620
Their growth and future fortune to foreshew:
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate, 625
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams enclose:
The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd; 630
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
What first Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For—while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wondering eyes, and round the temple gaz'd, 635
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists, and their arts' renown—
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall—
The wars that fame around the world had blown, 640
All to the life, and ev'ry leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said, "O friend! e'en here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear! 645
Our known disasters fill e'en foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!

Digitized by Google

E'en the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim."
He said—(his tears a ready passage find) 650
Devouring what he saw so well design'd,
And with an empty picture fed his mind:
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Pursu'd by fierce Achilles through the plain, 655
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
By their white sails betray'd to nightly view;
And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword
The sentries slew; nor spar'd their slumb'ring lord. 660
Then took the fiery steeds, e're yet the food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
Elsewhere he saw where Troïlus defied
Achilles, and unequal combat tried;
Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins, 665
Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains,
Hung by the neck and hair; and, dragg'd around,
The hostile spear, yet sticking in his wound,
With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.
Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with wo, 670
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe:
They weep; they beat their breasts; they rend their hair.
And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear:
But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with pray'r. 675
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
The lifeless body of his son he sold.
So sad an object, and so well express'd, 680
Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast,
To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
And his old sire his helpless hands extend.

Digitized by Google

Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain: 685
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthesilea there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield; 690
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes. 695
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido, with a num'rous train,
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight, 700
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads
Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen:
Latonia sees her shine above the rest, 705
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd she walks serenely great.
Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds, 710
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine:
In crowds around, the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines ev'ry private cause:
Their task in equal portions she divides, 715
And, where unequal, there by lot decides.
Another way by chance Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng, 720

Digitized by Google

Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands:
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays, 725
And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys,
Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate,
And why they came, and what was their request:
For these were sent, commission'd by the rest, 730
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.
Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:
"O queen! indulg'd by favour of the gods 735
To found an empire in these new abodes;
To build a town; with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign—
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore. 740
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface;
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race!
We come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains away: 745
Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire;
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire,
A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old—
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold—
Th' Œnotrians held it once—by common fame, 750
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds, and every warring element,
Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand: 755
The sea came on; the South with mighty roar,
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.

Digitized by Google

Those few you see, escap'd the storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here.
What men, what monsters, what inhuman race, 760
What laws, what barbarous customs of the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again?
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws, 765
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
Æneas was our prince—a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword—
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air, 770
Nor we his friends of safety shall despair,
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where king Ancestes Trojan lineage boasts. 775
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars,
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of men! the Fates ordain 780
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main,
And if our young Iülus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,
That we to good Ancestes may return,
And with our friends our common losses mourn." 785
Thus spoke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew
With cries and clamours his request renew.
The modest queen awhile with downcast eyes,
Ponder'd the speech, then briefly thus replies:
"Trojans! dismiss your fears: my cruel fate, 790
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes.
Who has not heard the story of your woes,
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valour of the Phrygian race? 795

Digitized by Google

We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from Phœbus' influence.
Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
Or driv'n by tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good Ancestes' government. 800
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
Or, would you stay, and join your friendly pow'rs
To raise and to defend the Tyrian tow'rs,
My wealth, my city, and myself, are yours. 805
And would to heav'n, the storm you felt, would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring king.
My people shall, by my command, explore,
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding shore,
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest 810
Of so renown'd, and so desir'd a guest."
Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud:
Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way:
"From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay? 815
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
One only wants; and him we saw in vain
Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main.
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid: 820
The rest agrees with what your mother said."
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mist flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright. 825
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks and made his temples shine,
And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face;
Like polish'd iv'ry beauteous to behold, 830
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold

Digitized by Google

Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke;
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
"He whom you seek am I; by tempests toss'd,
And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast; 835
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty! the refuge and redress
Of those whom Fate pursues, and wants oppress!
You, who your pious offices employ 840
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy,
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,
With hospitable rights relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wand'ring train,
And strangers in your palace entertain. 845
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who scatter'd through the world, in exile mourn?
The gods, (if gods to goodness are inclin'd—
If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind)
And, more than all the gods, your gen'rous heart, 850
Conscious of worth, requites its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth;
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of heav'n the radiant sun; 855
While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
Your honour, name, and praise, shall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind."
Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste, 860
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Sergestes with the left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;
And so by turns, descended to the rest. 865
The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace;
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
Then recollected stood; and thus began:

Digitized by Google

"What fate, O goddess-born! what angry pow'rs 870
Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren shores?
Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?
The same Æneas whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchises on th' Idæan shore? 875
It calls into my mind, though then a child,
When Teucer came, from Salamis exil'd,
And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and sword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare, 880
And, conq'ring, finish'd the successful war.
From him the Trojan siege I understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
Your foe himself the Dardan valour prais'd,
And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd. 885
Enter, my noble guest! and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,
Till heav'n afforded me this place of rest.
Like you, an alien in a land unknown, 890
I learn to pity woes so like my own."
She said, and to the palace led her guest,
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends: 895
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams:
And jars of gen'rous wine, and spacious bowls,
She gives to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.
Now purple hangings clothe the palace-walls 900
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls.
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of massy plate the sideboards shine,
And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd,
The gold itself inferior to the cost 905

Digitized by Google

Of curious work) where on the sides were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious men,
From their first founder to the present queen.
The good Æneas, whose paternal care
Iülus' absence could no longer bear, 910
Despatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
To give a glad relation of the past,
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy,
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy—
A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire; 915
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,
From Argos by the fam'd adultress brought,
With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought—
Her mother Leda's present, when she came
To ruin Troy, and set the world on flame; 920
The sceptre Priam's eldest daughter bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore
Of double texture, glorious to behold;
One order set with gems, and one with gold.
Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes, 925
And, in his diligence, his duty shows.
But Venus, anxious for her sons affairs,
New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:
That Cupid should assume the shape and face
Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace; 930
Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:
For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double tongu'd,
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke; 935
And thus, alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke:
"My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone
Controls the thund'rer on his awful throne,
To thee thy much afflicted mother flies,
And on thy succour and thy faith relies. 640
Thou knowst, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life:

Digitized by Google

And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.
Him Dido now with blandishment detains;
But I suspect the town where Juno reigns. 945
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart—
A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
That neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind: 950
Ascanius, by his father, is design'd
To come, with presents laden, from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep, 955
Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.
Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace,
But only for a night's revolving space,
Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face; 960
That when, amidst the fervour of the feast,
The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,
And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains;
Thou mayst infuse thy venom in her veins."
The god of love obeys, and sets aside 965
His bow and quiver, and his plumy pride:
He walks Iülus in his mother's sight,
And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.
The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes 970
Lull'd in her lap amidst a train of Loves,
She gently bears him to her blissful groves,
Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And softly lays him on a flow'ry bed.
Cupid meantime assum'd his form and face, 975
Following Achates with a shorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already sate
Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
High on a golden bed: her princely guest
Was next her side; in order sate the rest. 980

Digitized by Google

Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high:
Th' attendants water for their hands supply,
And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry.
Next fifty handmaids in long order bore
The censers, and with fumes the gods adore: 985
Then youths and virgins, twice as many, join
To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
The Tyrian train admitted to the feast,
Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze, 990
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze,
His rosy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's disguise;
Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
Which wan'dring foliage and rich flow'rs entwine. 995
But, far above the rest, the royal dame,
(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame)
With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god, about the hero long, 1000
With children's play, and false embraces, hung;
Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms
With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
How dire a god, she drew so near her breast. 1005
But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love resign'd;
And all Æneas enters in her mind. 1010
Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
The meat remov'd, and ev'ry guest was pleas'd,
The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
And through the palace cheerful cries resound.
From gilded roofs depending lamps display 1015
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine—
The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.

Digitized by Google

Then, silence through the hall proclaim'd, she spoke
"O, hospitable Jove! we thus invoke,
With solemn rites, thy sacred name and pow'r:
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!
So may the Trojan, and the Tyrian line
In lasting concord from this day combine. 1025
Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be present here!
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
To heav'n, with mine, to ratify the peace."
The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd, 1030
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground,)
And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace,
Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
'Twas Bitias whom she call'd—a thirsty soul:
He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl, 1035
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
The goblet goes around: Iöpas brought
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught—
The various labours of the wand'ring moon, 1040
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;
Th' original of men and beasts; and whence
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,
And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays 1045
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song;
Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight;
Of Priam much inquir'd, of Hector more;
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,
What troops he landed on the Trojan shore;
(The steeds of Diomede varied the discourse,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force) 1055
At length, as Fate and her ill stars requir'd,
To hear the series of the war desir'd.

Digitized by Google

"Relate at large, my god-like guest," she said,
"The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd:
The fatal issue of so long a war. 1060
Your flight, your wand'rings, and your woes declare:
For, since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry coast,
Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,
The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd." 1065

Digitized by Google

ÆNEIS

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten year's siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken not to survive the ruin of his country, and the various adventures he met with in defence of it. At last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

ALL were attentive to the godlike man,
When from his lofty couch he thus began:
"Great queen, what you command me to relate,
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:
An empire from its old foundations rent, 5
And every wo the Trojans underwent;
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was;
Not e'en the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses hear, without a tear. 10

Digitized by Google

And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite.
But, since you take such int'rest in our wo,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell 15
What in our last and fatal night befell.
By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,
And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which like a steed of monstrous height appear'd: 20
The sides were plank'd with pine: they feign'd it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side,
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load; 25
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos an isle
(While Fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
Renown'd for wealth; but, since a faithless bay,
Where ships expos'd to wind and weather lay, 30
There was their fleet conceal'd. We thought for Greece
Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates and issue in a throng.
Like swarming bees, and with delight survey 35
The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay:
The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they show'd—
Here Phœnix, here Achilles, made abode;
Here join'd the battles; there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wand'ring eyes employ— 40
The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.
Thymœtes first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town. 45
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd,

Digitized by Google

Or to the watry deep; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide, 50
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoön, follow'd by a num'rous crow'd,
Ran from the fort, and cried, from far, aloud:
"O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd your brains? 55
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone?
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must enclose,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town. 60
T' o'erlook the walls, and them to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd, by fraud or force—
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse."
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which hissing as it flew, 65
Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood,
The sides transpierc'd, return a rattling sound:
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing through the wound.
And had not heav'n the fall of Troy design'd
Or had not men been fated to be blind, } 70
Enough was said and done, t' inspire a better mind.
Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous wood,
And Ilian tow'rs and Priam's empire stood.
Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring 75
A captive Greek in bands, before the king—
Taken, to take—who made himself their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray;
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent. 80
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd:
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.

Digitized by Google

Trembling the miscreant stood: unarm'd and bound, 85
He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around,
Then said, "Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me?
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends! 90
He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We cheer the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to know, 95
And what to credit from a captive foe.
His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, "Whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can, nor dare my birth disclaim;
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name, 100
Though plung'd by Fortune's pow'r in misery,
'Tis not in Fortune's pow'r to make me lie.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times, 105
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes,
Because the fatal wars he would prevent;
Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament—
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care, } 110
His kinsman and companion in the war.
While Fortune favour'd, while his arms support
The cause, and rul'd the counsels of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame. 115
But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
Had made impressions in the people's hearts,
And forg'd a treason in my patrons name,
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame)
My kinsman fell. Then I, without support, 120
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.

Digitized by Google

Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state,
And curs'd the direful author of my woes.—
'Twas told again, and hence my ruin rose. 125
I threaten'd, if indulgent heav'n once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This mov'd the murd'rer's hate, and soon ensu'd
Th' effects of malice from a man so proud. 130
Ambiguous rumours through the camp he spread,
And sought, by treason, my devoted head;
New crimes invented; left unturn'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own;
Till Calchas was by force and threat'ning wrought—
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 'tis t' appear a foe t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know:
Assuage your thirst of blood and strike the blow: 140
My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease."
This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts;
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts. 145
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus pursu'd:
"Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
And wearied with an unsuccessful war)
Resolv'd to raise the siege and leave the town: 150
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the wintry seas, and southern winds,
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their minds.
Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd: 155
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled through a sky serene.
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus, t' inquire their fate, was sent.

Digitized by Google

He from the gods this dreadful answer brought: 160
'O Grecians! when the Trojan shores you sought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought:
So must your safe return be bought again;
And Grecian blood once more atone the main.'
The spreading rumour round the people ran; 165
All fear'd, and each believed himself the man.
Ulysses took the advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight,
Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
The public victim to redeem the state. 170
Already some presag'd the dire event,
And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
For twice five days the good old seer withstood
Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood.
Till, tir'd with endless clamours and pursuit 175
Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute,
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die.
All prais'd the sentence; pleas'd the storm should fall
On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all. 180
The dismal day was come, the priests prepare
Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow,
I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy lake, all night I lay, 185
Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
But now what further hopes for me remain,
To see my friends or native soil again;
My tender infants, or my careful sire,
Whom they returning will to death require; 190
Will perpetrate on them their first design,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move,
If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim desert, 195
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert."

Digitized by Google

False tears true pity move: the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands,
Then adds these friendly words: "Dismiss thy fears:
Forget the Greeks: be mine as thou wert theirs: 200
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais'd the pile?"
Thus said the king: He, full of fraudful arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
"Ye lamps of heav'n!" he said, and lifted high 205
His hands, now free—"thou venerable sky!
Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread!
Ye fatal fillets that once bound this head;
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled!
Be all of you adjur'd; and grant I may, 210
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray,
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,
If I, to save myself, your empire save. 215
The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
But from the time when impious Diomede
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew, 220
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted and profan'd her holy bands;
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before: 225
Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd;
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind, and alienated care.
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground, 230
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.

Digitized by Google

Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield. 235
Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare,
And hope no conquest from the tedious war,
Till first they sail'd for Greece · with pray'rs besought
Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens brought.
And, now their navy ploughs the wat'ry main 240
Yet soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid
For her stol'n statue and her tow'r betray'd,
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name 245
We rais'd and dedicate this wond'rous frame,
So lofty, lest through your forbidden gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates:
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
And Troy may then a new palladium boast: 250
For so religion and the gods ordain,
That, if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flame shall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn!)
But if it climb, with your assisting hands, 255
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands;
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycæne burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return."
With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts. 260
What Diomede nor Thetis greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege had done—
False tears and fawning words the city won.
A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unweary minds with fear torment, 265
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoön, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer;
When (dreadful to behold!) from sea we spied
Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide, 270
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.

Digitized by Google

Their flaming crests above the waves they show:
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below:
Their speckled tales advance to steer their course,
And on the sounding shore the flying billows force. 275
And now the strand, and now the plain, they held,
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd:
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd flame.
We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take, 280
And to Laocoön and his children make:
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade; 285
Twice round his waist the winding volumes roll'd;
And twice about his gasping throat they told.
The priest thus doubly chok'd—their crests divide,
And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots; 290
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies. 295
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
By her large buckler, and protended spear.
Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral cry 300
Proclaims Laocoön justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid,
And incense offer'd to th' offended maid. 305
A spacious breach is made: the town lies bare:
Some hoisting-levers, some the wheels prepare,

Digitized by Google

And fasten to the horse's feet: the rest
With cables haul along th' unwieldy beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls: 310
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads and threats the town. 315
A sacred city, built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate, 320
We haul along the horse in solemn state;
Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.
Cassandra cried, and curs'd th' unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate: but, by the gods' decree
All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy. 325
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.
Meantime the rapid heavens roll'd down th' light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night:
Our men secure, nor guards nor sentries held; 330
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores.
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by th' imperial galley's light; 335
When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement rose,
Thessander bold, and Sthenelus their guide, 340
And dire Ulysses down the cable slide:
Then Thoas Athamas, and Pyrrhus, haste;
Nor was the Podalirian hero last,
Nor injur'd Menelaüs, nor the fam'd
Epeus who the fatal engine fram'd. 345

Digitized by Google

A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
Those few they find awake, first meet their fate;
Then to their fellows, they unbar the gate.
'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs 350
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears;
Such as he was, when by Pelides slain
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain. 355
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thurst
Through the bor'd holes; his body black with dust;
Unlike that Hector, who return'd, from toils
Of war, triumphant in Æacian spoils,
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire, 360
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
And all the wounds he for his country bore,
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
I wept to see the visionary man, 365
And while my trance continu'd thus began:
"O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our defence? 370
Do we behold thee, wearied as we are,
With length of labours, and with toils of war!
After so many fun'rals of thy own,
Art thou restor'd to thy declining town? 375
But say, what wounds are these? what new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?"
To this the spectre no reply did frame,
But answer'd to the cause for which he came,
And, groaning from the bottom of his breast, 380
This warning, in these mournful words express'd:
"O goddess-born! escape by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.

Digitized by Google

The foes already have possess'd the wall:
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name, 385
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone,
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate: 390
From their assistance happier walls expect,
Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect."
He said, and brought me from their blest abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods,
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir, 395
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.
Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:
The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood. 400
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,
But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
And hearken what the frightful sounds convey. 405
Thus—when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;
Or deluges, descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of labouring oxen and the peasant's gains; 410
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey—
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd; 415
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.
The palace of Deïphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright
With splendour not their own, and shine with Trojan flight.

Digitized by Google

New clamours and new clangours now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms.
But first to gather friends, with them to oppose 425
(If fortune favour'd) and repel the foes—
Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd,
With sense of honour and revenge inspir'd.
Panthüs, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame:
With relics loaden, to my doors he fled,
And by the hand his tender grandson led.
"What hope, O Panthüs! whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?"
Scarce had I said, when Panthüs, with a groan, 435
"Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
The fatal day th' appointed hour, is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands; 440
And armed hosts, and unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.
Within the gates, proud Sinon throws about
The flames; and foes, for entrance, press without,
With thousand others, whom I fear to name, 445
More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
To sev'ral posts their parties they divide:
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide
The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise:
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.
The warders of the gates but scarce maintain
Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain."
I heard: and heav'n, that well-born souls inspires,
Prompts me, through lifted swords and rising fires
To run, where clashing arms and clamour calls, 455
And rush undaunted to defend the walls.
Ripheus and Iphitus by my side engage,
For valour one renown'd, and one for age.

Digitized by Google

Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party drew; 460
With young Chorœbus, who by love was led
To win renown, and fair Cassandra's bed;
And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid,
Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid:
Whom when I saw resolv'd in arms to fall, 465
And that one spirit animated all,
"Brave souls!" said I—"but brave, alas, in vain—
Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
You see the desp'rate state of our affairs;
And heav'n's protecting pow'rs are deaf to pray'rs. 470
The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking town, involv'd in fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes: 475
Despair of life the means of living shows."
So bold a speech encourag'd their desire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire.
As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour through the fields, nor fear the stormy night— 480
Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood—
So rush'd we forth at once. Resolv'd to die,
Resolv'd in death the last extremes to try,
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare } 485
Th' unequal combat in the public square:
Night was our friend: our leader was despair.
What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?
What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright?
An ancient and imperial city falls: 490
The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals:
Houses and holy temples float in blood;
And hostile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall; but in their turn,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn. 495

Digitized by Google

Ours take new courage from despair and night;
Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears;
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
Androgeos fell among us, with his band, 500
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land.
"From whence," said he, "my friends, this long delay?
You loiter while the spoils are borne away:
Our ships are laden with the Trojan store;
And you, like truants, come too late ashore." 505
He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
Found, by the doubtful answers which we make.
Amaz'd, he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight;
But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.
As when some peasant in a bushy brake, 510
Has with unwary footing press'd a snake;
He starts aside, astonish'd when he spies
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
So, from our arms, surpris'd Androgeo's flies—
In vain: for him and his we compass round, 515
Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground;
And of their lives an easy conquest found.
Thus Fortune on our first endeavour smil'd.
Chorœbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
Swoln with success, and of a daring mind, 520
This new invention fatally design'd.
"My friends," said he, "since Fortune shows the way,
'Tis fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.
For what has she these Grecians arms bestow'd,
But their destruction, and the Trojans' good? 525
Then change we shields, and their devices bear:
Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
They find us arms." This said, himself he dress'd
In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest.
His painted buckler and his plumy crest. 530
Thus Rhipheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.

Digitized by Google

Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage;
Unknown assaulting whom we blindly meet, 535
And strew, with Grecian carcasses, the street.
Thus, while their straggling parties we defeat,
Some to the shore and safer ships retreat;
And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there. 540
But ah! what use of valour can be made,
When heav'n's propitious pow'rs refuse their aid?
Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevell'd hair,
Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands, 545
In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
On heav'n she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cried—
'Twas all she could—her tender arms were tied
So sad a sight Chorœbus could not bear;
But fir'd with rage, distracted with despair, 550
Amid the barb'rous ravishers he flew.
Our leader's rash example we pursue:
But storms of stones, from the proud temple's height,
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow, 555
Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.
They aim at the mistaken crests, from high;
And ours beneath the pond'rous ruin lie.
Then mov'd with anger and disdain, to see
Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free. 560
The Grecians rally, and their pow'rs unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.
Thus when the rival winds their quarrel try, 565
Contending for the kingdom of the sky,
South, East, and West, on airy coursers borne—
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus strikes the deep: the billows rise,
And mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies. 570

Digitized by Google

The troops we squander'd first, again appear
From sev'ral quarters, and enclose the rear.
They first observe, and to the rest betray,
Our diff'rent speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Chorœbus first, 575
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd,
Then Ripheus followed, in th' unequal fight;
'ust of his word, observant of the right:
Heav'n thought not so. Dymas their fate attends,
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends. 580
Nor, Panthus, thee thy mitre nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, sav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames! your testimony bear,
What I perform'd and what I suffer'd there,
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife, 585
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.
Witness, ye heavens!- I live not by my fault;
I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
But when I could not fight, and would have died,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide, 590
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamours from th' invested palace ring:
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose, 595
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space;
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter, only there. 600
Their targets in a tortoise cast, their foes,
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling ladders; some, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold:
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent, 605
While with the right they seize the battlement.
From the demolish'd tow'rs the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that falling, crush the foe:

Digitized by Google

And heavy beams and rafters from the sides,
Such arms their last necessity provides!) 610
And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
The marks of state and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage with recover'd breath, 615
A second time we ran to tempt our death,
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
A postern door yet unobserv'd, and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery, 620
To the king's closet led—a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne—
Through which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
To cheer his grandsire, and his grandsire's queen.
Through this we pass, and mount the tow'r from whence
With unavailing arms the Trojans make defence.
From this the trembling king had oft descried
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from its lofty height with swords we hew,
Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew; 630
And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
We push them headlong with our arms and feet.
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall;
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath 635
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent:
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threatning loud,
With glittering arms conspicuous in the crowd. 640
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake,
And, casting off his slough when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns,
Restor'd with pois'nous herbs: his ardent sides 645
Reflect the sun, and rais'd on spires, he rides

Digitized by Google

High o'er the grass: hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run 650
To force the gate: the Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies they rend;
And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows, 655
And with his axe repeated strokes bestows
On the strong doors: then all their shoulders ply,
Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly,
He hews apace: the double bars at length
Yield to his axe and unresisted strength. 660
A mighty breach is made: the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd—
The halls of audience, and of public state,
And where the lonely queen in secret sate.
Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen, 665
With not a door, and scarce a space, between.
The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies.
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace. 670
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies;
And all his father sparkles in his eyes.
Nor bars, nor fighting guards his force sustain.
The bars are broken and the guards are slain.
In rush the Greeks, and all th' apartments fill; 675
Those few defendants whom they find, they kill;
Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away. 680
These eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,

Digitized by Google

The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds, (such hopes had he, 685
So large a promise, of a progeny)
The posts of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter and possess the place. 690
Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire.
He—when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,
On ev'ry side inevitable woes—
In arms disus'd invests his limbs, decay'd, 695
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!
Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view 700
An altar: near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames for shelter sought, but sought in vain. 705
Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
"What rage," she cried, "has seiz'd my husband's mind? 710
What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
These times want other aids! were Hector here,
E'en Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd." 715
She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursu'd by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.

Digitized by Google

Through swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies 720
Through empty courts, and open galleries.
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
Expires before his wretched parents' eyes: 725
Whom gasping at his feet, when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law:
And, shaking more with anger than with age,
"The gods," said he, "requite thy brutal rage?
As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must, 730
If there be gods in heaven, and gods be just—
Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
With a sons death t' infect a father's sight.
Not he whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his—not he, thy vaunted sire, 735
Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;
Pitied the woes a parent underwent, 740
And sent me back in safety from his tent."
This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, flutt'ring seem'd to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield. 745
Then Pyrrhus thus: "Go thou from me to fate,
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die!"—With that he dragg'd the trembling sire,
Slidd'ring through clotter'd blood and holy mire,
(The mingled paste his murder'd son had made) 750
Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody falchion bare;
His left he twisted in his hoary hair:
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing thro' the wound,
And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.

Digitized by Google

Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state—
He who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd, 760
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd.
On th' bleak shore now lies the abandon'd king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.
Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear; my hair with horror stood: 765
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myself alone, 770
Deserted at my need! My friends were gone.
Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consum'd the rest.
Thus wand'ring in my way without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spied 775
Of Vesta's temple: there she lurk'd alone:
Muffled she sate, and what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan sword; } 780
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
E'en by those gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.
"Shall she triumphant sail before the wind, 785
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
In state attended with a captive crew,
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls? 790
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood?
'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,
And boast no conquest from a woman slain:

Digitized by Google

Yet shall the fact not pass without applause, 795
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.
The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
And murm'ring manes of my friends appease."
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing light
Spread o'er the place; and, shining heav'nly bright, 800
My mother stood reveal'd before my sight—
(Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Not her own star confess'd a light so clear)—
Great in her charms, as when on gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their love. 805
She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break;
Then from her rosy lips began to speak:
"My son! from whence this madness, this neglect
Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? Recall to mind 810
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your helpless father yet survive,
Or if Ascanius or Creüsa live.
Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
And these had perish'd in the nightly war, 815
But for my presence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
But by the gods was this destruction brought.
Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
The mists and films that mortal eyes involve, 820
Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
The shape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil,
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies, 825
Stones rent from stones—where clouds of dust arise,
Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place,
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,
And heaves the building from the solid base.
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands 830
Full in th' Scæan gate, with loud commands,
Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.

Digitized by Google

See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
Bestrides the tow'r refulgent through the cloud:
See! Jove new courage to the foe supplies, 835
And arms against the town the partial deities.
Haste hence, my son! this fruitless labour end:
Haste where your trembling spouse and sire attend:
Haste! and a mother's care your passage shall befriend."
She said, and swiftly vanish'd from my sight, 840
Obscure in clouds, and gloomy shades of night.
I look'd; I listen'd: dreadful sounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
Troy sunk in flames I saw, (nor could prevent)
And Ilium from its old foundations rent— 845
Rent like a mountain ash which dar'd the winds,
And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds.
About the roots the cruel axe resounds;
The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds:
The war is felt on high: the nodding crown 850
Now threats a fall, and throws the leafy honours down.
To their united force it yields, though late,
And mourns with mortal groans th' approaching fate:
The roots no more their upper load sustain;
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin through the plain.
Descending thence, I 'scap'd through foes and fire:
Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he, for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake—
The good Anchises—whom by timely flight, 860
I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height—
Refus'd the journey, resolute to die,
And add his fun'ral to the fate of Troy.
Rather than exile and old age sustain.
"Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev'ry vein. 865
Had Heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
'Tis, sure, enough, if not too much, for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.

Digitized by Google

Make haste to save the poor remaining crew; 870
And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath:
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils, and leave my body bare:
As for my sepulchre, let heav'n take care. 875
'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a ling'ring life;
Since ev'ry hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from heav'n by Jove's avenging fire."
This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die: 880
Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Entreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry—
"What! will he still persist, on death resolve,
And in his ruin all his house involve."
He still persists his reason to maintain: 885
Our pray'rs our tears, our loud laments, are vain.
Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die.
What hope remains but what my death must give?
"Can I, without so dear a father live? 890
You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
Could such a word from such a parent fall?
If Fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain,
And you conspire with Fortune to be slain; 895
The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
Nor soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's blood—the wretch who slew
The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.
O goddess mother! give me back to Fate;
Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late.
Did you, for this, unhappy me convey
Through foes and fires to see my house a prey?
Shall I my father, wife, and son behold, 905
Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms infold?

Digitized by Google

Haste! gird my sword, though spent, and overcome:
'Tis the last summons to receive our doom.
I hear thee, Fate! and I obey thy call!
Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall. 910
Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:
My death is wanting to conclude the night."
Arm'd once again, my glittering sword I wield,
While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield;
And forth I rush to seek the abandon'd field. 915
I went; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,
And 'cross the threshold in my passage lay,
Embrac'd my knees, and, when I would have gone
Show'd me my feeble sire, and tender son.
"If death be your design—at least," said she, 920
"Take us along to share your destiny.
If any further hopes in arms remain,
This place, these pledges of your love, maintain.
To whom do you expose your father's life,
Your son's, and mine: your now forgotten wife?" 925
While thus she fills the house with clam'rous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:
For, while I held my son, in the short space
Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace,
(Strange to relate!) from young Iülius' head, 930
A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;
But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd 935
His hands to heav'n, and this request preferr'd:
"If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will—if piety can pray'rs commend—
Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd to send."
Scarce had he said, when on our left we hear 940
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:
There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly:

Digitized by Google

From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,
And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idæan grove. 945
It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide,
Then in a steeming stench of sulphur died.
The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
The god's protection, and their star ador'd.
"Now, now," said he, "my son, no more delay! 950
I yield, I follow where heav'n shows the way.
Keep, (O my country gods!) our dwelling place,
And guard this relic of the Trojan race,
This tender child!—these omens are your own;
And you can yet restore the ruin'd town. 955
At least accomplish what your signs foreshow:
I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go."
He said.—The crackling flames appear on high;
And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire, 960
And near our palace rolls the flood of fire.
"Haste my dear father! ('tis no time to wait)
And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care:
One death, or one deliv'rance we will share. 965
My hand shall lead our little son; and you,
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
Next you, my servants, heed my strict commands:
Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
To Ceres hallow'd once: a cypress nigh 970
Shoots up her venerable head on high,
By long religion kept: there bend your feet;
And in divided parties let us meet.
Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands: 975
In me 'tis impious, holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,
Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt."
Thus ord'ring all that prudence could provide, 980
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide,

Digitized by Google

And yellow spoils, then on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take;
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
And with unequal paces tript along. 985
Creüsa kept behind: by choice we stray
Through ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,
At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear, 990
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear;
Till, near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear.
My father, looking through the shades with fear, 995
Cried out, "Haste, haste, my son! the foes are nigh!
Their swords and shining armour I descry."
Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,
Had sure bereft my mind of better sense:
For, while through winding ways I took my flight, 1000
And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,
Alas! I lost Creüsa: hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary sate, or wander'd with affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight. 1005
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends at Ceres' now deserted seat.
We met: not one was wanting; only she
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
What mad expressions did my tongue refuse? 1010
Whom did I not of gods or men accuse?
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care, 1015
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My sire, my son, my country gods, I left.
In shining armour once again I sheathe
My limbs not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.

Digitized by Google

Then headlong to the burning walls I run, 1020
And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
I tread my former tracks, through night explore
Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd before,
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful e'en the silence of the night. 1025
Then to my father's house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find her there.
Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met:
The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire, 1030
Through air transported, to the roofs aspire
From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
And search the citadel, and desert court.
Then, unobserv'd, I pass by Juno's church:
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch; 1035
There Phœnix and Ulysses watch the prey:
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey—
The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught,
The tables of the gods, the purple vests, 1040
The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons, in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
Through all the silent streets Creüsa's name: 1045
Creüsa still I call: at length she hears,
And sudden, through the shades of night, appears—
Appears, no more Creüsa nor my wife,
But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear, 1050
I stood: like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair.
Then thus the ghost began to sooth my grief:
"Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief,
Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain:
You bear no more than what the gods ordain. 1055
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great controller of the sky.

Digitized by Google

Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree—
On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
Then, after many painful years are past, 1060
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast,
Where gentle Tyber from his bed beholds
The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils; and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom and a royal bride: 1065
There fortune shall the Trojan line restore;
And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch with servile shame,
Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame,
Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace 1070
My goddess mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewell? the parent of the gods
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes,
I trust our common issue to your care."
She said, and gliding pass'd unseen in air. 1075
I strove to speak: but horror tied my tongue:
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung.
And thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away. 1080
Thus having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,
I to my longing friends return again—
Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old—
A wretched exil'd crew together brought, 1085
With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught,
Resolv'd, and willing, under my command,
To run all hazards both of sea and land.
The Morn began, from Ida, to display
Her rosy cheeks; and Phosphor led the day; 1090
Before the gates the Grecians took their post,
And all pretence of late relief was lost.
I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire.

Digitized by Google

ÆNEIS.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace From thence he directs his course to Delos and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete. His household gods give him the true sense of the oracle, in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy. He is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily, where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

WHEN heav'n had overturn'd the Trojan state,
And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate;
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecian's prey,
And Ilium's lofty tow'rs in ashes lay;
Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat, 5
To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the sacred groves we cut,
And build our fleet—uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repose assign'd. 10
Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly spring
Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing,

Digitized by Google

When old Anchises summon'd all to sea:
The crew my father and the Fates obey.
With sighs and tears I leave my native shore, 15
And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,
All sail at once, and cleave the briny floods.
Against our coast appears a spacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command, 20
(Thracia the name—the people bold in war—
Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care)
A hospitable realm, while Fate was kind,
With Troy in friendship and religion join'd.
I land, with luckless omens; then adore 25
Their gods, and draw a line along the shore:
I lay the deep foundations of a wall,
And Ænos, nam'd from me, the city call.
To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
And all the pow'rs that rising labours aid; } 30
A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
Not far, a rising hillock stood in view:
Sharp myrtles, on the sides, and cornels grew.
There, while I went to crop the sylvan scenes,
And shade our altar with their leafy greens, 35
I pull'd a plant—with horror I relate
A prodigy so strange, and full of fate—
The rooted fibres rose: and, from the wound,
Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.
Mute and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood, 40
Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood.
Man'd once again, another plant I try:
That other gush'd with the same sanguine die.
Then, fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
With pray'rs and vows the Dryads I atone, 45
With all the sisters of the woods, and most
The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coast—
That they, or he, these omens would avert,
Release our fears, and better signs impart.

Digitized by Google

Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length 50
To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength:
I bent my knees against the ground: once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb, 55
A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful words ensu'd:
Why dost thou thus my bury'd body rend?
O spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood: 60
The tears distil not from the wounded wood;
But ev'ry drop this living tree contains,
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins.
O! fly from this unhospitable shore,
Warn'd by my fate, for I am Polydore! 65
Here loads of lances, in my blood embru'd
Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd."
My faultering tongue and shivering limbs declare
My horror; and in bristles rose my hair.
When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent, 70
Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent:
Loaded with gold, he sent his darling far
From noise and tumults, and destructive war;
Committed to the faithless tyrant's care; 75
Who, when he saw the pow'r of Troy decline,
Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join—
Broke ev'ry bond of nature and of truth,
And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
O sacred hunger of pernicious gold! 80
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold?
Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,
I call my father, and the Trojan peers—
Relate the prodigies of heav'n—require
What he commands, and their advice desire. 85
All vote to leave that execrable shore,
Polluted with the blood of Polydore;

Digitized by Google

But, ere we sail, his fun'ral rites prepare,
Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.
In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round, 90
With baleful cypress, and blue fillets bound,
With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.
Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.
Now, when the raging storms no longer reign, 95
But southern gales invite us to the main,
We launch our vessels, with a prosp'rous wind,
And leave the cities and the shores behind.
An island in the Ægæan main appears:
Neptune and watery Doris claim it theirs. 100
It floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the sides
To rooted earth; and now it braves the tides.
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs restore,
And the Sun's temple, and his town adore. 105
Anius, the priest and king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend;
Invites him to his palace: and, in sign 110
Of ancient love, the plighted hands they join.
Then to the temple of the god I went,
And thus before the shrine, my vows present:
"Give, O Thymbræus! give a resting place
To the sad relics of the Trojan race— 115
A seat secure, a region of their own,
A lasting empire, and a happier town.
Where shall we fix? where shall our labours end?
Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?
Let not my pray'rs a doubtful answer find; 120
But in clear auguries unveil thy mind."
Scarce had I said: he shook the holy ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around:
And from the tripos rush'd a bellowing sound.

Digitized by Google

Prostrate we fell; confess'd the present god, 125
Who gave this answer from his dark abode:
"Undaunted youths! go, seek that nobler earth
From which our ancestors derive their birth.
The soil that sent you forth, her ancient race,
In her old bosom shall again embrace. 130
Through the wide world th' Ænein house shall reign,
And children's children shall the crown sustain."
Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose:
A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.
All are concern'd to know what place the god 135
Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan kind
Thus answer'd their demands; "Ye princes, hear
Your pleasing fortune; and dispel your fear. 140
The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,
Sacred of old, to Jove's imperial name,
In the mid ocean lies, with large command;
And on its plains a hundred cities stand.
Another Ida rises there; and we 145
From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.
From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
To the Rhœtean shores old Teucer came;
There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,
Ere Ilium and the Trojan tow'rs arose. 150
In humble vales they built their soft abodes;
Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
With tinkling cymbals charm'd th' Idæan woods.
She secret rights and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the savage lions brought. 155
Let us the land, which heav'n appoints, explore;
Appease the winds and seek the Gnossian shore.
If Jove assists the passage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn discovers Crete."
Thus having said, the sacrifices laid 160
On smoking altars, to the gods he paid—

Digitized by Google

A bull, to Neptune an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo slew—
A milk-white ewe, the western winds to please,
And one coal-black; to calm the stormy seas. 165
Ere this, a flying rumour had been spread,
That fierce Idomeneus from the Crete was fled,
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coast was free
From foreign or domestic enemy.
We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea; 170
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way;
Then Green Donysa pass; and sail in sight
Of Paros' isle, with marble quarries white.
We pass the scatter'd isles of Cyclades,
That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the seas. 175
The shouts of sailors double near the shores;
They stretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.
"All hands aloft? for Crete! for Crete!" they cry,
And swiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore, 180
With joy descending on the Cretan shore.
With eager haste a rising town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
The name itself was grateful: I exhort
To found their houses and erect a fort. 185
Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand:
The youth begin to till the labour'd land;
And I myself new marriages promote,
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot;
When rising vapours choke the wholesome air, 190
And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year:
The trees devouring caterpillars burn:
Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn:
N 'scape the beasts: for Sirius, from on high,
With pestilential heat infects the sky: 195
My men—some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me seek the shore
Of sacred Delos, and the god implore,
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary course direct. 200

Digitized by Google

'Twas night, when ev'ry creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy slumber shares:
The statues of my gods, (for such they seem'd)
Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me stood, majestically bright, 205
Full in the beams of Phœbe's ent'ring light.
Then thus they spoke, and eas'd my troubled mind:
"What from the Delian god thou go'st to find,
He tells thee here, and sends us to relate.
Those pow'rs are we, companions of thy fate, 210
Who from the burning town by thee were brought,
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.
Through seas and lands as we thy steps attend,
So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain, 215
A town, that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.
Thou mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:
But change thy seat, for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for your abode. 220
A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old,
(The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold—
Th' Œnotrians held it once) by later fame,
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
Iasius there, and Dardanus, were born. 225
From thence we came, and thither must return.
Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet.
Search Italy; for Jove denies thee Crete."
Astonished at their voices and their sight,
(Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night; 230
I saw, I knew their faces, and descried,
In perfect view, their hair with fillets tied)
I started from my couch; a clammy sweat
On all my limbs, and shiv'ring body, sate.
To heav'n I lift my hands with pious haste, 235
And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,
More cheerful to my good old sire I run,

Digitized by Google

And tell the pleasing news. In little space
He found his error of the double race, 240
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful seat;
Then said, "O son, turmoil'd in Trojan fate!
Such things as these Cassandra did relate.
This day revives within my mind, what she 245
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands: but who could then have thought
That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought,
Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught?
Now let us go where Phoebus leads the way." 250
He said: and we with glad consent obey.
Forsake the seat; and, leaving few behind,
We spread our sails before the willing wind.
Now from the sight of land our galleys move,
With only seas around and skies above; 255
When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,
And night with sable clouds involves the main:
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise:
The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to sev'ral ways:
The face of heav'n is ravish'd from our eyes; 260
And in redoubled peals the roaring thunder flies.
Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;
No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
E'en Palinurus no distinction found
Betwixt the night and day; such darkness reign'd around.
Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays,
Without distinction, and three sunless days:
The fourth renews the light; and from our shrouds
We view a rising land, like distant clouds:
The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight, 270
And curling smoke ascending from their height.
The canvas falls; their oars the sailors ply;
From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.
At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the stormy seas. 275

Digitized by Google

Those Isles are compass'd by th' Ionian main;
The dire abode where the foul Harpies reign,
Forc'd by the wing'd warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.
Monsters more fierce offended heav'n ne'er sent 280
From hell's abyss for human punishment—
With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene,
Foul paunches, and with odour still unclean;
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.
We landed at the port. and soon beheld 285
Fat herds of oxen graze the flow'ry field:
And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd.
With weapons we the welcome prey invade,
Then call the gods for partners of our feast,
And Jove himself, the chief invited guest. 290
We spread the table on the greensward ground:
We feed with hunger: and the bowls go round;
When from the mountain-tops, with hideous cry,
And clatt'ring wings the hungry Harpies fly:
They snatch the meat, defiling all they find, 295
And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
Close by a hollow rock, again we sit
New dress the dinner, and the beds refit,
Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made, 300
Again the holy fires on altars burn;
And once again the rav'nous birds return,
Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the sky—
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat, 305
And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.
I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the hellish nation wage the war.
They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
And in the grass their glitt'ring weapons hide: 310
Then, when along the crooked shore we hear
Their clatt'ring wings, and saw the foes appear

Digitized by Google

Misenus sounds the charge: we take th' alarm,
And our strong arms with swords and bucklers arm.
In this new kind of combat, all employ 315
Their utmost force, the monsters to destroy—
In vain: the fated skin is proof to wounds;
And from their plumes the shining sword rebounds.
At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display. 320
Yet one remain'd—the messenger of Fate,
High on a craggy cliff Celæno sate,
And thus her dismal errand did relate:
"What? not contented with your oxen slain,
Dare you with heav'n an impious war maintain, 325
And drive the Harpies from their native reign?
Heed, therefore, what I say: and keep in mind
What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd,
And I, the Furies' queen from both relate—
You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by Fate: 330
Th' Italian shores are granted you to find,
And a safe passage to the fort assign'd.
But know, that, e're your promis'd walls you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot—for this misdeed, 335
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed."
She said, and to the neighb'ring forest flew.
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeless to win by war, to pray'rs we fall,
And on the offended Harpies humbly call, 340
And (whether gods or birds obscene they were)
Our vows, for pardon and for peace, prefer.
But old Anchises, off'ring sacrifice,
And lifting up to heav'n his hands and eyes,
Ador'd the greater gods—"Avert," said he, 345
"These omens! render vain this prophecy,
And from th' impending curse a pious people free."
Thus having said, he bids us put to sea;
We loose from shore our halsers, and obey,
And soon with swelling sails pursue our wat'ry way.

Digitized by Google

Amidst our course, Zacynthian woods appear;
And next by rocky Neritos we steer:
We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,
And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.
At length Leucate's cloudy top appears, 355
And the Sun's temple which the sailors fears.
Resolv'd to breathe awhile from labours past,
Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast,
And joyful to the little city haste
Here, safe beyond our hopes, our vows we pay 360
To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.
The customs of our country we pursue,
And Trojan games, [illegible] Action shores renew.
Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,
And exercise the wrestlers' noble toil— 365
Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,
And left so many Grecian towns behind.
The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
And Boreas on the seas display'd his force:
I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door 470
The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore:
The verse beneath my name and action speaks:
"These arms Æneas took from conqu'ring Greeks."
Then I command to weigh: the seamen ply
Their sweeping oars. the smoking billows fly. 375
The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost,
And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky coast.
Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.
Here wond'rous things were loudly blaz'd by Fame—
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
And reign'd in Greece; that Priam's captive son.
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne;
And fair Andromache, restor'd by Fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate. 385
I leave my galleys riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian court.

Digitized by Google

By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.
Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd;
And sacred priests in order stand around,
And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.
The grove itself resembles Ida's woods;
And Simoïs seem'd the well-dissembled flood.
But when, at nearer distance, she beheld 395
My shining armour, and my Trojan shield,
Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
Forsook her limbs, her veins no longer beat:
She faints, she falls, and scarce recov'ring strength,
Thus, with a faultering tongue, she speaks at length:
"Are you alive, O goddess-born?" she said,
"Or, if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade?
At this she cast a loud and frightful cry.—
With broken words I made this brief reply:
"All of me that remains, appears in sight; 405
I live; if living be to loathe the light—
No phantom; but I drag a wretched life;
My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.
What have you suffer'd since you lost your lord?
By what strange blessing are you now restor'd? 410
Still are you Hector's? or is Hector fled,
And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed?"
With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modest pause, she thus begun:
"Oh, only happy maid of Priam's race, 415
Whom death deliver'd from the foe's embrace!
Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
Nor forc'd, like us, to hard captivity,
Or in a haughty master's arms to lie.
In Grecian ships, unhappy we were borne, 420
Endur'd the victor's lust, sustain'd the scorn:
Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed; 425

Digitized by Google

Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd,
And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd;
Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher. 430
By Pyrrhus death the kingdom we regain'd;
At least one half with Helenus remain'd.
Our part from Chaon; he Chaonia calls,
And names from Pergamus his rising walls,
But you what Fates have landed on our coast? 435
What gods have sent you, or what storms have toss'd?
Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?
O! tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years. 440
How much of Hector in his face appears?"
She spoke, and mix'd her speech with mournful cries;
And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.
At length her lord descends upon the plain,
In pomp, attended with a num'rous train; 445
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I see,
Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.
A riv'let by the name of Xanthus ran; 450
And I embrace the Scæan gate again,
My friends in porticoes were entertain'd;
And feasts and pleasures through the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the spacious hall around;
And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'd.
Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the south, supply'd our swelling sails.
Then to the royal seer I thus began:
"O thou who know'st, beyond the reach of man,
The laws of heav'n, and what the stars decree, 460
Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree— .

Digitized by Google

Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auspices their notes and flights declare—
O! say—for all religious rites portend 465
A happy voyage and a prosp'rous end;
And ev'ry pow'r and omen of the sky
Direct my course for destin'd Italy;
But only dire Celæno, from the gods,
A dismal famine fatally forbodes— 470
O! say, what dangers I am first to shun,
What toils to vanquish, and what course to run."
The prophet first with sacrifice adores
The greater gods; their pardon then implores;
Unbinds the fillet from his holy head; } 475
To Phœbus, next, my trembling steps he led,
Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,
These words proceeded from his mouth divine:
"O goddess born! (for heav'n's appointed will, 480
With greater auspices of good than ill,
Foreshows thy voyage, and thy course directs:
Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects)
Of many things some few I shall explain, } 485
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main,
And how at length the promis'd shore to gain.
The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal,
And Juno's angry pow'r forbids to tell.
First, then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh, } 490
Will far from your deluded wishes fly:
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy:
For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
And stem the currents with your struggling oars;
Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer,
And, after this, to Circe's island veer; 495
And, last, before your new foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether skies.
Now mark the signs of future ease and rest;
And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.

Digitized by Google

When, in the shady shelter of a wood, 500
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;
The dam and offspring white as falling snow—
These on thy city shall their name bestow; } 505
And there shall end thy labours and thy wo.
Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind:
For Phœbus will assist; and Fate the way will find.
Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,
Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent: 510
Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd.
The savage Locrians here the shores infest:
Their fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards with arms the Salentinian fields;
And on the mountain's brow Petilla stands, 515
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
E'en when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
And priests with holy vows the gods adore,
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes,
Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice. 520
These rites and customs to the rest commend,
That to your pious race they may descend.
When, parted hence, the winds that ready waits
For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way, 525
Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea:
Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore,
And fair Sicilia's coast, were one, before
An earthquake caus'd the flaw: the roaring tides
The passage broke, that land from land divides; } 530
And, where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean rides.
Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
Now rising cities in long order stand,
And fruitful fields: so much can time invade
Th' mould'ring work, that beauteous nature made. 535

Digitized by Google

Far on the right, her dogs fair Scylla hides:
Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides:
Then spouts them from below: with fury driv'n.
The waves mount up, and wash the face of heav'n. 540
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,
Then dashes on the rocks.—A human face,
And virgin bosom hides her tail's disgrace;
Her parts obscene below the waves descend, 545
With dogs enclos'd; and in a dolphin end.
'Tis safer then to bear aloof to sea,
And coast Pachynus, though with more delay,
Than once to view mis-shapèn Scylla near,
And the loud yells of wat'ry wolves to hear. 550
Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
Do not this precept of your friend forget,
Which therefore more than once I must repeat:
Above the rest, great Juno's name adore; 555
Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.
Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd;
And mollify with pray'rs her haughty mind.
Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,
And you shall safe descend on Italy. 560
Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood
Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,
The mad prophetic Sibyl you shall find,
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
She sings the Fates, and, in her frantic fits, 565
The notes and names, inscrib'd, to leaves commits.
What she commits to leaves, in order laid,
Before the cavern's entrance are display'd:
Unmov'd they lie: but, if a blast of wind
Without, or vapours issue from behind, 570
The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air;
And she resumes no more her museful care,

Digitized by Google

Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse,
Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.
Thus many, not succeeding, must upbraid
The madness of the visionary maid,
And with loud curses leave the mystic shade. 575
Think it not loss of time a while to stay,
Though thy companions chide thy long delay;
Tho' summon'd to the seas, tho' pleasing gales 580
Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails:
But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With willing words, and not to write thy fate.
The fierce Italian people she will show,
And all thy wars, and all thy future wo,
And what thou mayst avoid, and what must undergo. 585
She shall direct thy course, instruct thy mind,
And teach thee how the happy shores to find.
This is what heav'n allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate,
And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state." 590
This when the priest with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me license, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treasure, he supplied my want
With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant, 595
Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,
And ev'ry ship with sums of silver stor'd.
A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament;
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest, 600
That flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.
Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my friends:
And large recruits he to my navy sends—
Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores;
Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars. 605
Meantime, my sire commands to hoist our sails,
Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.
The prophet bless'd the parting crew, and last,
With words like these, his ancient friend embrac'd:

Digitized by Google

"Old happy man, the care of gods above, 610
Whom heav'nly Venus honour'd with her love,
And twice preserv'd thy life when Troy was lost!
Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast:
There land; but take a larger compass round;
For that before is all forbidden ground. 615
The shore that Phœbus has design'd for you,
At further distance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes,
Bless'd in a son, and favour'd by the gods:
For I with useless words prolong your stay, 620
When southern gales have summon'd you away."
Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor'd,
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.
A noble present to my son she brought;
A robe with flow'rs on golden tissue wrought. 625
A Phrygian vest; and loads with gifts beside
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride,
"Accept," she said, "these monuments of love,
Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:
Regard these trifles for the giver's sake; 630
'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.
Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind:
In thee, his features and his form I find.
His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;
Such were his motions; such was all his frame; 635
And ah! had heav'n so pleas'd, his years had been
the same."
With tears I took my last adieu, and said,
"Your fortune, happy pair, already made,
Leaves you no further wish. My diff'rent state,
Avoiding one, incurs another fate. 640
To you a quiet seat the gods allow:
You have no shores to search, no seas to plough.
Nor fields of flying Italy to chase—
Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!
You see another Simois, and enjoy 645
The labour of your hands, another Troy,

Digitized by Google

With better auspice than her ancient tow'rs,
And less obnoxious to the Grecian pow'rs.
If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my steps to Tyber's happy shore— 650
If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own—
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live,
And both in acts of equal friendship strive. 655
Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same:
The double Troy shall differ but in name:
That what we now begin, may never end,
But long to late posterity descend."
Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore— 660
The shortest passage to th' Italian shore.
Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in dusky shades of night:
We land, and, on the bosom of the ground,
A safe retreat and a bare lodging found. 665
Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her steepy rise, and her declining race. 670
Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
The face of heav'n, and the nocturnal sky;
And listen'd ev'ry breath of air to try;
Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their wat'ry force; 675
And both the Bears is careful to behold,
And bright Orion, arm'd with burnish'd gold.
Then, when he saw no threat'ning tempest nigh,
But a sure promise of a settled sky,
He gave the sign to weigh, we break our sleep, 680
Forsake the pleasing shore, and plough the deep.
And now the rising morn with rosy light
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight;

Digitized by Google

When we from far, like bluish mist, descry
The hills, and then the plains, of Italy. 685
Achates first pronounc'd the joyful sound;
Then "Italy" the cheerful crew rebound;
My sire Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,
And off'ring, thus implor'd the powers divine:
"Ye gods, presiding over lands and seas, 690
And you who raging winds and waves appease,
Breathe on our swelling sails a prosp'rous wind,
And smooth our passage to the port assign'd."
The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy harbour is in view. 695
Minerva's temple then salutes our sight,
Plac'd, as a land-mark, on the mountain's height.
We furl our sails, and turn the prows to shore;
The curling waters round the galleys roar.
The land lies open to the raging East. 700
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compress'd,
Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves complain,
And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.
The port lies hid within; on either side,
Two tow'ring rocks the narrow mouth divide. 705
The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld
Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flow'ry field.
"War, war, is threaten'd from this foreign ground, 710
My father cried) where warlike steeds are found.
Yet, since, reclaim'd, to chariots they submit,
And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
Peace may succeed to war."—Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the sacred hill ascend; 715
There prostrate to the fierce virago pray,
Whose temple was the landmark of our way.
Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head,
And all commands of Helenus obey'd,
And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid. 720

Digitized by Google

These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails and stand
To sea, forsaking that suspected land.
From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view,
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
Just opposite, Licinian Juno stands; 725
Caulonian tow'rs and Scylacæan strands
For shipwrecks fear'd. Mount Ætna thence we spy,
Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.
Far off we hear the waves with surly sound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound. 730
The billows break upon the sounding strand,
And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.
Then thus Anchises, in experience old:
"'Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold,
And those the promis'd rocks! Bear off to sea!" 735
With haste the frighted mariners obey.
First Palinurus to the larboard veer'd;
Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.
To heav'n aloft on ridgy waves we ride,
Then down to hell descend, when they divide: 740
And thrice our galleys knock'd the stony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return'd the sound,
And thrice we saw the stars that stood with dews around.
The flagging winds forsook us with the sun;
And, wearied, on Cyclopian shores we run. 745
The port, capacious and secure from wind,
Is to the foot of thund'ring Ætna join'd.
By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,
And flakes of mountain flames that lick the sky. 750
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
And, shiver'd by the force come piecemeal down.
Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove, 755
With blasted limbs came tumbling from above,

Digitized by Google

And, where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw.
As often as he turns his weary sides, 760
He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens hides.
In shady woods we pass the tedious night,
Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls affright,
Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight.
For not one star was kindled in the sky,
Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply: 765
For misty clouds involv'd the firmament;
The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd;
When from the woods, their bolts before our sight, 770
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a sprite,
So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore. 775
We look behind; then view his shaggy beard:
His clothes were tagg'd with thorns; and filth his limbs besmear'd.
The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek; and such indeed he was.
He cast on us, from far, a frightful view, 780
Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew—
Stood still and paus'd; then all at once began
To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls: 785
"Now, by the powers above, and what we share
From nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans take me hence! I beg no more,
But bear me far from this unhappy shore.
'Tis true, I am a Greek, and further own, 790
Among your foes besieg'd the imperial town.
For such demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I sue:

Digitized by Google

This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main: 795
Since nothing more than death my crime demands,
I die content to die by human hands."
He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune past,
His present state. his lineage, and his name, 800
Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.
The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand,
Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our demand:
"From Ithaca, my native soil, I came
To Troy; and Achæmenides my name. 805
Me my poor father with Ulysses sent;
(O! had I staid with poverty content!)
But fearful for themselves, my countrymen
Left me forsaken in the Cyclop's den.
The cave, though large, was dark; the dismal floor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monstrous host, of more than human size.
Erects his head, and stares within the skies.
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view! 815
The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food,
And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.
These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;
Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones 820
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
Not unreveng'd Ulysses bore their fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state; 825
For, gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human wine,
While fast asleep the giant lay supine,
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigested foam, and morsels raw—
We pray, we cast the lots, and then surround 830
The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground:

Digitized by Google

Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand,
To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand.
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye;
For only one did the vast frame supply— 835
But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,
Like the sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield.
The stroke succeeds; and down the pupil bends:
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.—
But haste, unhappy wretches! haste to fly! 840
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely!
Such and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves, they shut their woolly sheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from steep
to steep.
And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright,
And in deserted caverns lodge by night; 850
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thund'ring voice resound,
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels, and savage berries of the wood, 855
And roots and herbs have been my meagre food.
While all around my longing eyes I cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last.
On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run:
'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun: 860
What other death you please, yourselves bestow."
Scarce had he said, when on the mountain's brow
We saw the giant shepherd stalk before
His following flock, and leading to the shore—
A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight; 865
His staff a trunk of pine, to guide his steps aright.
His pond'rous whistle from his neck descends;
His woolly care their pensive lord attends:
This only solace his hard fortune sends.

Digitized by Google

Soon as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the waves
From his bor'd eye the gutt'ring blood he laves:
He gnash'd his teeth, and groan'd: through seas he strides;
And scarce the topmost billows touch'd his sides.
Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run to sea,
The cables cut and silent haste away; 875
The well-deserving stranger entertain;
Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main.
The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound:
But, when our vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward, and in vain essay'd 880
Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
Shakes earth and air and seas; the billows fly,
Before the bellowing noise, to distant Italy.
The neighb'ring Ætna trembling all around, 885
The winding caverns echo to the sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar,
And rushing down the mountains, crowd the shore.
We saw their stern distorted looks from far,
And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war— 890
A dreadful council! with their heads on high
(The misty clouds about their foreheads fly)
Not yielding to the tow'ring tree of Jove,
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail; 895
We tug at ev'ry oar, and hoist up ev'ry sail,
And take th' advantage of the friendly gale.
Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun
Charybdis' gulf, nor dare to Scylla run.
An equal fate on either side appears: 900
We, tacking to the left, are free from fears:
For, from Pelorus' point, the North arose,
And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
His rocky mouth we pass; and make our way
By Thapsus, and Megara's winding bay. 905

Digitized by Google

This passage Achæmenides had shown,
Tracing the course which he before had run.
Right o'er against Plemmyrium's wat'ry strand.
There lies an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian land.
Alpheüs, as old fame reports, has found 910
From Greece, a secret passage under ground,
By love to beauteous Arethusa led;
And, mingling here, they roll in the same sacred bed.
As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name, protectress of the shore. 915
With prosp'rous gales we pass the quiet sounds
Of still Helorus, and his fruitful bounds.
Then, doubling cape Pachynus, we survey
The rocky shore extended to the sea.
The town of Camarine from far we see, 920
And fenny lake, undrain'd by Fate's decree.
In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
And the large walls, where mighty Gela was;
Then Agragas, with lofty summits crown'd,
Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd. 925
We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
And widely shun the Lilybæan strand,
Unsafe for secret rocks and moving sand.
At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd,
Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd. 930
Here, after endless labours, often toss'd
By raging storms, and driv'n on ev'ry coast.
My dear, dear father spent with age, I lost—
Ease of my cares, and solace of my pain,
Sav'd through a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain. 935
The prophet, who my future woes, reveal'd,
Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal'd:
And dire Celæno, whose forboding skill
Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill.
This my last labour was. Some friendly god 940
From thence convey'd us to your blest abode."
Thus, to the list'ning queen, the royal guest
His wand'ring course and all his toils express'd,
And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.

Digitized by Google

ÆNEIS.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus' consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter despatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unseen;
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart, 5
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her sister first with early care she sought,
And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought: 10
"My dearest Anna! what new dreams affright
My lab'ring soul! what visions of the night

Digitized by Google

Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!
His worth, his actions, and majestic air, 15
A man descended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degen'rate kind:
His birth is well asserted by his mind.
Then, what he suffer'd when by Fate betray'd
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made! 20
Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage—never to be curs'd
With second love, so fatal was my first—
To this one error I might yield again: 25
For, since Sichæus was untimely slain,
This only man is able to subvert
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
And, to confess my frailty to my shame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the same, 30
Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
And let me through the dark abyss descend—
First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky, 35
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie—
Before I break the plighted faith I gave!
No! he who had my vows, shall ever have:
For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave."
She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes, 40
And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies:
"O, dearer than the vital air I breathe!
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath,
Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother, or of wife! 45
Think you these tears, this pompous train of wo,
Are known or valu'd by the ghosts below?
I grant that while your sorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman, and a queen,

Digitized by Google

The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect, 50
To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject.
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name:
But will you fight against a pleasing flame?
This little spot of land which heav'n bestows,
On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes: 55
Gætulian cities here are spread around,
And fierce Numidians their your frontiers bound:
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand:
Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore, 60
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
This wand'ring navy to your needful aid:
How will your empire spread, your city rise,
From such a union, and with such allies! 65
Implore the favour of the pow'rs above;
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat, 70
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet."
These words, which from a friend and sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue; 75
On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew;
A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
Preferring Juno's pow'r (for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys,) 80
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands,
A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns:
And, while the priests with pray'r the gods invoke, 85
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke,

Digitized by Google

With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.
What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart? 90
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.
Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves.
So, when the watchful shepherd, from the blind, 95
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods—
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart. 100
And now she leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp she shows, to tempt her wand'ring guest.
Her fault'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate. 110
He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain,
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic story never ends.
Then, when they part, when Phœbe's paler light
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
She last remains, when ev'ry guest is gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears, 120
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.
Meantime the rising tow'rs are at a stand:
No labours exercise the youthful band,

Digitized by Google

Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they know:
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe;
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height, that seem'd to threat the sky.
But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love, 130
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
With soothing words to Venus she begun:
"High praises, endless honours, you have won,
And mighty trophies, with your worthy son! 135
Two gods a silly woman have undone!
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect:
But shall celestial discord never cease?
'Tis better ended in a lasting peace. 140
You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd;
Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd.
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join;
So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine—
One common kingdom one united line. 145
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dow'r convey."
Then Venus (who her hidden fraud descried
Which would the sceptre of the world misguide
To Libyan shores) thus artfully replied: 150
"Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno choose,
And such alliance and such gifts refuse,
If fortune with our joint desires comply?
The doubt is all from Jove, and destiny;
Lest he forbid with absolute command, 155
To mix the people in one common land—
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In lasting leagues and sure succession, join.
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind: my wishes are your own." 160

Digitized by Google

"Mine," said imperal Juno, "be the care:—
Time urges now:—to perfect this affair,
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
When next the Sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays, 165
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort;
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
And cheerful horns, from side to side, resound,
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain 170
With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain:
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
Dispers'd and all involv'd in gloomy night:
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord. 175
I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:
So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen shall be present at the rites."
The queen of love consents, and closely smiles 180
At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.
The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They issue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait, 185
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.
The Tyrian peers and officers of state,
For the slow queen, in anti-chambers wait:
Her lofty courser, in the court below, 190
(Who his majestic rider seems to know)
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam around.
The queen at length appears: on either hand,
The brawny guards in martial order stand. 195
A flow'red cymar with golden fringe she wore,
And at her back a golden quiver bore.

Digitized by Google

Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains,
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace, 200
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins;
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast, 205
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the sports;
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands:
Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below 210
The merry madness of the sacred show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair enclose:
A golden fillet binds his awful brows:
His quiver sounds.—Not less the prince is seen
In manly presence, or in lofty mien. 215
Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the seat
Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.
The cry pursues the mountain-goats: they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train, } 220
In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,
And a long chase, in open view maintain.
The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
Spurs thro' the vale and these and those outrides.
His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel 225
The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way;
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend. 230
Meantime, the gath'ring clouds obscure the skies:
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.

Digitized by Google

The company dispers'd, to coverts ride, 235
And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.
The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as Love or Fortune guides,
One common cavern in her bosom hides. 240
Then first the trembling earth the signal gave;
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour, in time arose 245
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.
The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love,
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame. 250
The loud report through Libyan cities goes.
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows—
Swift from the first; and ev'ry moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size; 255
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
Enrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her, last of the Titanian birth—
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste—
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast. 260
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
Millions of op'ning mouths to Fame belong;
And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue:
And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is hung. 265
She fills the peaceful universe with cries:
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes:
By day, from lofty tow'rs her head she shews,
And spreads thro' trembling crowds disas'trous news,
With court informers haunts, and royal spies; 270
Things done relates; not done she feigns; and mingles truth with lies.

Digitized by Google

Talk is her bus'ness; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, "lost to honour and the sense of shame, 275
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him she passes in delights,
And wastes in luxury long winter nights,
Forgetful of her fame and royal trust, 280
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust."
The goddess widely spreads the loud report,
And flies at length to king Iarbas' court.
When first possess'd with this unwelcome news,
Whom did he not of men and god's accuse? 285
This prince, from ravish'd Garmantis born,
A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
In Ammon's honour, his celestial sire;
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And, through his vast dominions, priests ordain'd, 290
Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich'd the ground.
He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princes, who disdain'd his love, 295
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire—
Mad with despair, impatient with desire—
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with pray'rs implor'd his sire divine:
"Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race, 300
Who feast on painted beds, with off'rings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine;
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign? 305
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance?
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?
A wand'ring woman builds, within our state,
A little town, bought at an easy rate;

Digitized by Google

She pays me homage, (and my grants allow 310
A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough)
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed!
And now, this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign! 315
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,
Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian dress.)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name!
His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd, 320
And held his altar's horns: the mighty Thund'rer heard,
Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The lustful pair in lawless pleasure drown'd,
Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
And both forgetful of their better fame. 325
He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;
By whom this menacing command he sends:
"Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days 330
In slothful riot and inglorious ease,
Nor minds the future city, given by Fate.
To him this message from my mouth relate:
Not so fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
Thy life with pray'rs; nor promis'd such a son. 335
Hers was a hero, destin'd to command
A martial race, and rule the Latian land;
Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw;
And on the conquer'd world impose the law.
If glory cannot move a mind so mean, 340
Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
Yet why should he defraud his son of fame
And grudge the Romans their immortal name?
What are his vain designs? what hopes he more
From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore, 345
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
And for his race to gain the Ausonian coast?

Digitized by Google

Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake:
With this command the slumb'ring warrior wake."
Hermes obeys: with golden pinions binds 350
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:
And, whether o'er the seas or earth he flies.
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his magic wand: 355
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves;
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
And eyes, though clos'd in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race, 360
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space;
Now sees the top of Atlas, as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies—
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds—with foggy vapours bound. 365
Snows hide his shoulders: from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breast depends—
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends:
Then, resting thus, he from the tow'ring height 370
Plung'd downward with precipitated flight,
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood;
As water fowls, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show;
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below; 375
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies.
And near the surface of the water flies,
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands,
Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raising for the town's defence,
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er,
(Queen Dido's gift) about his waist he wore; 385

Digitized by Google

A sword, with glitt'ring gems diversified,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began,
Resuming his own shape—"Degen'rate man!
Thou woman's property! what mak'st thou here, 390
These foreign walls and Tyrian tow'rs to rear,
Forgetful of thy own? All-powerful Jove,
Who sways the world below and heav'n above,
Has sent me down with this severe command:
What means thy ling'ring in the Libyan land? 395
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:
The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear,
To whom th' Ausonian sceptre, and the state 400
Of Rome's imperial name, is ow'd by Fate."
So spoke the god; and, speaking, took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds; and vanish'd out of sight.
The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear:
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair. 405
Revolving in his mind the stern command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
What should he say? or how should he begin?
What course, alas! remains, to steer between
Th' offended lover and the pow'rful queen? 410
This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find.
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means—
After long thought, to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair 415
The fleet, and ship their men, with silent care:
Some plausible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in secret he design'd.
Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
Before the love-sick lady heard the news; 420
And move her tender mind by slow degrees,
To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees;

Digitized by Google

Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.—
They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.
But soon the queen percieves the thin disguise: 425
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)
She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and e'en in safety fears. 430
Nor impious Fame was wanting to report
The ships repair'd, the Trojans quick resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round. 435
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
And howl about the hills and shake the wreathy spear.
At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began: 440
"Base and ungrateful! could you hope to fly,
And undiscover'd, 'scape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
Or is the death of a despairing queen 445
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
E'en when the wintry winds command your stay,
You dare the tempests, and defy the sea
False as you are, suppose you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound; 450
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
See, whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
By this right hand (since I have nothing more 455
To challenge, but the faith you gave before)
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind: 460

Digitized by Google

By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place,
Pity the fortune of a falling race!
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
For you alone, I suffer in my fame, 465
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame!
Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
(That only name remains of all the rest!)
What have I left? or whither can I fly?
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty, 470
Or till Iarbas shall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed!
Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight, 475
Some young Æneas to supply your place,
Whose features might express his father's face;
I should not then complain to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left."
Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he holds his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Tho' heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies
"Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundles favours, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name, 485
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
This only let me speak in my defence—
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence,
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name. 490
For, if indulgent heav'n would leave me free,
And not submit my life to Fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
Those relics to review, their dust adore,
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore. 495
And now the Delphian oracle commands,
And Fate invites me to the Latian lands.

Digitized by Google

That is the promis'd place to which I steer;
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian and stranger born, 500
With walls and tow'rs, a Libyan town adorn,
Why may not we—like you, a foreign race—
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise, 505
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
Chides, my delay, and fills my soul with fears:
And young Ascanius justly may complain,
Defrauded of his fate, and destin'd reign.
E'en now the herald of the gods appear'd— 510
Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
From Jove he came commission'd, heavenly bright
With radiant beams, and manifest to sight:
(The sender and the sent I both attest)
These walls he enter'd, and these words express'd. 515
Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command:
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land."
Thus while he spoke, already she began
With sparkling eyes to view the guilty man,
From head to foot, survey'd his person o'er, 520
Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore:
"False as thou, and more than false, forsworn!
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock!
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck! 525
Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a list'ning ear,
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?
All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find. 530
Of man's injustice why should I complain?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
Triumphant treason; yet no thunder flies;
Nor Juno views my wrongs, with equal eyes:
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies! 535

Digitized by Google

Justice is fled, and truth is now no more!
I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore;
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;
I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was—'tis little to repeat 540
The rest—I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave! a god's command he pleads,
And makes heav'n accessory to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode, 545
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
But go! thy flight no longer I detain—
Go! seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main!
Yet, if the heav'ns will hear my pious vow, 550
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
To the proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.
Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame: 555
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame—
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep:
Her angry ghost arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment shall know; 560
And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below."
Abruptly here she stops—then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find. 565
Her fearful maids their fearful mistress led,
And softly laid her on her iv ry bed.
But good Æneas, though he much desir'd
To give that pity which her grief requir'd—
Though much he mourn'd and labour'd with his love—
Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove;
Reviews his forces: they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.

Digitized by Google

The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride;
And well caulk'd galleys in the harbour ride. 575
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or as they stood,
Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
On ev'ry side are seen descending down, 580
Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey. 585
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain;
Some guard the spoil, some lash the lagging train;
All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain.
What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
When from the tow'r, she saw the cover'd shore,
And heard the shouts of sailors, from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war!
All-powerful Love! what changes canst thou cause 595
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends:
To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.
No female arts or aids she left untried,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she died. 600
"Look, Anna! look! the Trojans crowd to sea;
They spread their canvas, and their anchors weigh.
The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,
Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind.
Could I have thought his threat'ning blow so near, 605
My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear
But do not you my last request deny:
With yon perfidious man your int'rest try,
And bring me news, if I must live or die.
You are his fav'rite; you alone can find
The dark recesses of his inmost mind:

Digitized by Google

In all his trusted secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches of his heart.
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go, 615
Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
Normov'd with hands profane his father's dust:
Why should he then reject a suit so just?
Whom does he shun? and whither would he fly? 620
Can he this last, this only pray'r deny?
Let him at least his dangerous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more:
Let him pursue the promis'd Latin shore. 625
A short delay is all I ask him now—
A pause of grief, an interval from wo,
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request, 630
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast."
This mournful message pious Anna bears,
And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears:
But all her arts are still employ'd in vain:
Again she comes, and is refus'd again. 635
His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'nings move;
Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.
As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Justling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend; 640
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks: 645
Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandied words, still beating on his ears. 650

Digitized by Google

Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains;
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.
The wretched queen, pursu'd by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the light of heav'n to hate,
And loaths to live. Then dire portents she sees, 655
To hasten on the death her soul decrees—
Strange to relate! for when before the shrine,
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood;
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud. 660
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and e'en her sister, she conceal'd.
A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel she had hung around 665
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay. 670
Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note
The solitary screech-owl strains her throat,
And, on a chimney's top or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her fears; 675
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems, alone,
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark; or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain— 680
Like Pentheus, when distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns and double Thebes appear;
Or mad Orestus, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight, } 685
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;
The Furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.

Digitized by Google

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief:
The time and means resolv'd within her breast, 690
She to her mournful sister thus address'd:
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
And a false vigour in her eyes appears.)
"Rejoice!" she said, "Instructed from above,
My lover I shall gain, or lose my love. 695
Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run:
There a Massylian priestess I have found,
Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd:
Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care; 700
'Twas she supplied the wakeful dragon's fare.
She, poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep.
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep:
She watch'd the golden fruit. Her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind: 705
She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call;
Pale ghosts ascend; and mountain ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part, 710
How loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court, with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:
Hang, on the topmost part, the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest. 715
Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd.
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
For so the priestess and her charms require."
Thus far she said, and further speech forbears. 720
A mortal paleness in her face appears:
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
The secret fun'ral in these rites design'd;
Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.

Digitized by Google

Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well, 725
She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell;
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,
Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high,
And garlands on the hollow spaces lie. 730
Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath;
And ev'ry baleful green denoting death.
The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
The spoils and sword he left, in order spread
And the man's image on the nuptial bed. 735
And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
The priestess enters with her hair unbound,
And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground.
Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,
And threefold Hecat, with her hundred names, 740
And three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,
With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground;
Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl, 745
And cuts the forehead of a newborn foal,
Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen
Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
She holds; and next the highest altar stands: 750
One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
The heavens and planets conscious of her death,
And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above, 755
Who minds or who revenges injur'd love.
'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murm'ring tides disturb the gentle floods. 760
The stars in silent order moved around;
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the [ground.

Digitized by Google

The flocks and herds, and particolour'd fowl
Which haunt the woods or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay, 765
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find:
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind. 770
Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart;
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.
Then thus she said within her secret mind:
"What shall I do? what succour can I find?
Become a suppliant to Iarbas' pride, 775
And take my turn to court and be denied?
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd—
'Tis true—but am I sure to be receiv'd? 780
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place?
Laomedon still lives in all his race!
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
Or with my fleet, their flying sails pursue?
What force have I but those, who scarce before 785
I drew reluctant from their native shore?
Will they again embark at my desire,
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre?
Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made. 790
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
Had I continued free, and still my own—
Avoiding love, I had not found despair, 795
But shar'd with savage beasts the common air.
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead."
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.—
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest. 800

Digitized by Google

Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged god appears:
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
And with this new alarm invades his ears: 805
"Sleep'st thou O goddess-born? and canst thou drown
Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town,
Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate, 810
(And thou shalt find the dire effects too late)
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore. 815
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;
And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing."
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight, 820
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd in night.
Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear;
Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay:
"Haste to your banks, your crooked anchors weigh,
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea!
A god commands: he stood before my sight,
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred pow'r! what pow'r soe'er thou art,
To thy blest orders I resign my heart. 830
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
And prosper the design thy will commands."
He said; and, drawing forth his flaming sword,
His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted cord.
And emulating zeal inspires his train: 835
They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.

Digitized by Google

Aurora now had left her saffron bed, 840
And beams of early light, the heav'ns o'erspread,
When from a tow'r, the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
She look'd to seaward: but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried. 845
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
"And shall th' ungrateful traitor go (she said,)
My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry street? 850
To follow, sink, and burn, his purjur'd fleet?
Haste! haul my galleys out! pursue the foe!
Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row!
What have I said! where am I? Fury turns
My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns; 855
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore 860
The burden of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piece-meal—strew'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods—
Destroy'd his friends and son—and from the fire
Have set the reeking boy before the sire. 865
Events are doubtful, which on battle wait!
Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate?
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band;
At once extinguished all the faithless name; } 870
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the fun'ral flame.
Thou sun, who view'st at once the world below!
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow!
Thou Hecat, hearken from thy dark abodes! 875
Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods!

Digitized by Google

All pow'rs invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses and avenge her death!
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to place, 885
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace: 890
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand!
These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will:
And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil. 895
Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim
Against the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow;
Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!
Now, and from hence, in ev'ry future age, 900
When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage,
Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood—
Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs—
And the same hate descend on all our heirs!" 905
This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said,
(For, when she left her country, hers was dead)
"Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care 910
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;
The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings, bring;
Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring

Digitized by Google

With living drops; then let her come; and thou
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow. 915
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove.
And end the cares of my disastrous love;
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire;
And, as that burns, my passion shall expire."
The nurse moves onward with officious care, 920
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
With livid spots distinguish'd was her face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace:
Ghastly she gaz'd; with pain she drew her breath;
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
And mounts the fun'ral pile with furious haste;
Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind, 930
(Not for so dire an enterprzie design'd.)
But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
She paus'd, and with a sigh the robes embrac'd,
Then on the couch her trembling body cast, } 935
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:
"Dear pledges of my love, while heav'n so pleas'd,
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd.
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below. 940
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?"
Then kiss'd the couch: and "Must I die," she said,
"And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet e'en this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames from far, may the false Trojan view;
These boding omens his [illegible] flight pursue!" 950

Digitized by Google

She said, and struck: deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd:
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke, 955
And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,
And through the town the dismal rumour spread.
First from the frighted court the yell began;
Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran: 960
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
Not less the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire—
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes, 965
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
Her sister hears, and, furious with despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
"Was all that pomp of wo for this prepar'd,
These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd?
Was all this train of plots contriv'd, (said she)
All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend 975
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?
Thy summon'd sister and thy friend had come:
One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb:
Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal stroke? 980
At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me,
Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
Bring water! bathe the wound; while I in death
Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying breath."
This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste, 985
And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd,
Her temples chaf'd; and her own garments tore,
To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore,

Digitized by Google

Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,
And, fainting, thrice fell grov'ling on the bed; 990
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,
But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.
Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain, 995
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
For, since she died, not doom'd by heav'n's decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty,
And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair, 1000
The sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only know;
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downward the various goddess took her flight,
And drew a thousand colours from the light; 1005
Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said, "I thus devote thee to the dead.
This off'ring to the infernal gods I bear."
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd and life dissolv'd in air. 1010

END OF VOL. ONE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

13
31 10
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

AUG 27 '52 H

APR 2 '70 H

299869

Cancelled

Digitized by Google

15437.35
The works of Virgil.
Widener Library 003722983
3 2044 086 764 149

Digitized by Google